New Songs of the Gospel

No. 2

Mr and Mrs P.T. Lynn
New York

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Lloyd H. Truman
In Memory of

New Songs of the Gospel
No. 2

For Use in Religious Meetings

HERBERT J. LACEY
C. AUSTIN MILES
MAURICE A. CLIFTON
EDITORS

PRICES

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PREFACE

IN January, 1901, we issued NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL, since which time there have been sold of that book a quarter of a million copies. In response to many urgent requests we have prepared NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL No. 2.

In this, our latest publication, we have introduced many new features, which we believe will commend themselves to christian workers.

First The enlarged page, which allows us to use a plain large type, easily read by every one, and enables us to give, in many instances, three pieces on two pages;

Second The department of appropriate invitation pieces, which will be of great service in evangelistic meetings;

Third The selection of Gospel songs, new and familiar, from many writers. Every song of importance will be found in NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL No. 2;

Fourth The great variety of subject matter which will be found to cover every phase of christian experience.

Believing, as we do, that NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL No. 2 will make a place for itself in the field of Gospel Song, and praying that through the singing of these precious songs many may be brought to the fold of the Shepherd, such as shall be eternally saved, we send the book forth on its mission of love.

THE EDITORS.

New Songs of the Gospel,
No. 2.

No. 3.

The Abiding Name.

T. M. Eastwood. Herbert J. Lacey.

1. There is a name that shall a - bide When oth - ers fade and die;
2. When Kings of earth have lost their charms, And all their jew - els fade,
3. Though mountains from their seats de - part, And seas shall emp - ty be,
4. His name is an e - ter - nal name, It can - not pass a - way;

Tho' great of earth be all for - got, This shall en - dure on high.
The Sav - iour will be King of kings; To him be hon - ors paid!
Yet shall the name of Je - sus stand Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
For God him - self has sure de - creed That it shall live for aye.

Chorus.

The name of Je - sus, is the name, The name in which I gladly trust;
The name O precious name, in which I trust;

For writ - ten it will be in gold When oth - ers turn to dust.
For written O precious name,

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PACIFIC SCHOOL

No. 4.

I've Been Redeemed.

A. A. PAYN. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. I've been redeemed thro' Je - sus' precious blood, My sin - ful soul is rec - on - ciled to God; Washed white as snow, my thank - ful song I sing,
2. I've been redeemed! My soul shall mount a - bove Earth's sin - ful life to dwell with him I love, Who, by his death up - on the cru - el tree,
3. I've been redeemed, and I shall see his face, Sing - ing the song, "He saved me by his grace." O bless - ed thought! For e'er with him to stay,
4. I've been redeemed; I'm sure to reach that home Je - sus pre - pared, from thence no more to roam. My ransomed soul shall rise on wings of love,

CHORUS.

Giv - ing all praise un - to my Lord, my King.
Purchased my par - don there and set me free.
Ev - er with friends I love to dwell for aye.
Seek - ing a home e - ter - nal, built a - bove.
} I've been redeemed, all glo - ry to his name! Je - sus has saved me thro' his own wondrous grace; Here I will sing, un - til the time shall come When o - ver yonder I'll meet him face to face.

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No. 11.

Happy On the Way am I.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. L. L. Pickett.

1. I am sing - ing and I'm shout - ing all a - long the pil - prim way,
2. Tho' the clouds may gath - er o'er me and I hear the thun - der roll,
3. What tho' for - tune may prove fick - le, and my fond - est hopes may fade?
4. I have giv - en all to Je - sus, ev - 'ry bur - den, ev - 'ry care,
5. So with joy I will press for - ward till I reach that gold - en land,

Hap - py on the way am I;..... I am walk - ing and I'm talk - ing with my Sav - iour ev - 'ry day, Hap - py on the way am I.
Hap - py on the way am I;..... Not a storm can cause a rip - ple o'er the wa - ters of my soul, Hap - py on the way am I.
Hap - py on the way am I;..... I am still an heir to glo - ry, then why should I be dis - mayed? Hap - py on the way am I.
Hap - py on the way am I;..... Now he leads me thro' green pas - tures, and by wa - ters still and fair, Hap - py on the way am I.
Hap - py on the way am I;..... All the way I will keep sing - ing till I join that blood-washed band, Hap - py on the way am I.

Chorus.

Sing - ing! shouting! all a - long the way, To that blessed home on high;
With my Saviour walk - ing, walk-ing, ev - 'ry day, Hap-py on the way am I.

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No. 12.

When Love Shines In.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev'ry life that woe can sadden,
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart rejoices in duty,
3. Darkest sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest burden, lighter,
4. We may have unfading splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship true and tender,

When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray; Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our
When love shines in. Trials may be sanc-tified, And the soul in peace abide, Life will
When love shines in. 'Tis the glory that will throw Light to show us where to go; O the
When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won And our life in heav'n begun, There will

CHORUS.

darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
be no need of sun, For love shines in.

When love shines in, ... When love shines

When love shines in, ...

When love shines in when love shines in, When love shines

in, How the heart is tuned to singing, When love shines in; ..... When love shines

When love shines in; ..... When love shines

in,

When love shines in, when

in, ... When love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.

in, ... when love shines in.

love shines in, When love shines in,

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No. 13.

A Light Along the Way.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. The Lord hath made this world of ours Most beauti - ful and bright, The golden sun to
2. So ma - ny need a helping hand, A kind - ly word of cheer, To tell them of the
3. Some lives shine out like beacons grand, Some seem but candles small, But if we tru - ly

rule by day, The moon and stars by night; But souls are wand' ring far from him, In darkened paths a-
mighty Friend Whose grace is always near. O make me prompt to hear thy voice, And ready to o-
shine for him, The Lord hath need of all. O may his Spirit fill my soul And lead me, day by

Chorus.

stray; So make me, Saviour, more and more, A light along the way.
bey, That I may be, to saddened hearts, A light along the way.
day, That, tho' unworthy, I shall be A light along the way.
} A light along the way,

Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's happy rays show forth thy praise, A light along the way. A light a-

long the way, Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's happy rays show forth thy praise, A light along the way.

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No. 14.

A Song of Hope and Trust.

EBEN E. REXFORD. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. Ho, comrades, heav'nward faring, Let's sing in cheerful strain A song to lighten
2. O let us sing, my comrades, Of blessings by the way—Life's ma - ny gleams of
3. Life holds for most, my comrades, More hap - pi - ness than pain. God gives a day of

la - bor And soothe the heart of pain. A song of God's own gladness, So
sunlight That gilds the sky of gray. And as we sing a - bout them The
sunshine For ev - 'ry hour of rain. So, trust - ing in the wis - dom Of

full of help and cheer That wea - ry wayside pilgrims Will gain new strength to hear.
shadows break a - part, And all the world's in sunshine Because we're light of heart.
God's e - ter - nal plan, Let's make the most of blessings, And do the best we can.

CHORUS.

O sing of heav'n, my com - rades, Where all the good a - bide—

A song of faith that fails not, No mat - ter what be - tide!

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No. 15. **A Crown of Life Laid Up for Me.**

LIZZIE DEARMOND. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. In heav'n a - bove, by faith I see A crown of life laid up for me,
2. I have a house not built with hands, Up - on the hills of God it stands,
3. There roy - al robes of whiteness wait, And an - gels at the pearl - y gate

Up - on its crest the an - gels trace: "Made for a sin - ner saved by grace."
My earth - ly home may pass a - way, But that a - bove can ne'er de - cay.
A welcome glad to me shall bring, For I'm a child of Christ the King.

CHORUS.

A crown of life..... I, too, shall wear..... With - in that
A crown of life I, too, shall wear

cit - y bright and fair,..... And songs of praise..... my soul shall
that cit - y bright and fair, And songs of praise

sing,..... For I'm a child of Christ, the King.
my soul shall sing

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No. 16.

Ship Ahoy!

E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Post.

1. We're sail - ing, sailing o - ver life's great sea, And oth- er ships are passing by;
2. Lift up the beacon that shall guide the lost Un- to the ha - ven bright and fair;
3. We're sail - ing, sailing o - ver life's great sea, And not a- lone our way we take;

The mighty Saviour shall our Captain be, His star is shining in the sky.
O help the wand'ring and the tempest-tossed, That peace and shelter they may share.
For oth - ers, sailing, look to you and me! O help them for the Master's sake!

But while in safety we may glide a - long, Led by the Light that nev - er fails,
O bring the shipwrecked to the Life- boat true, Our Refuge in the wild - est storm;
The po - lar star of mer - cy shines a - bove, Our anchor holds for - ev - er more;

O hear the cry that ris - es full and strong From those who struggle with the gales.
Sing out with gladness and with hope a - new, Our Captain will his word per - form.
And dear ones wait, with joyful songs of love, To greet us on the gold - en shore.

Chorus.

Ship a - hoy! Hear the cry! "God save them," we fervently pray!
Ship ahoy! Hear the cry! Hear the cry!

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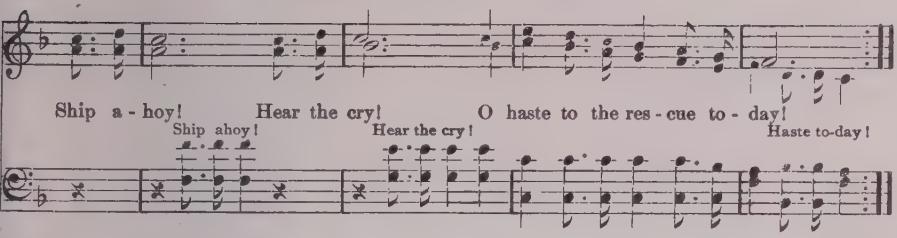
Ship Ahoy!—Concluded.



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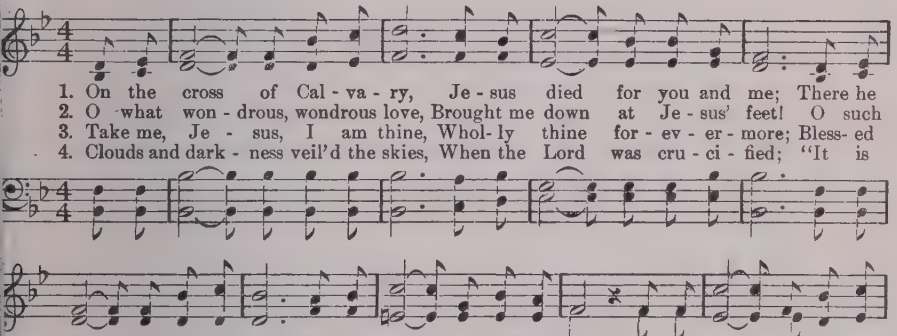
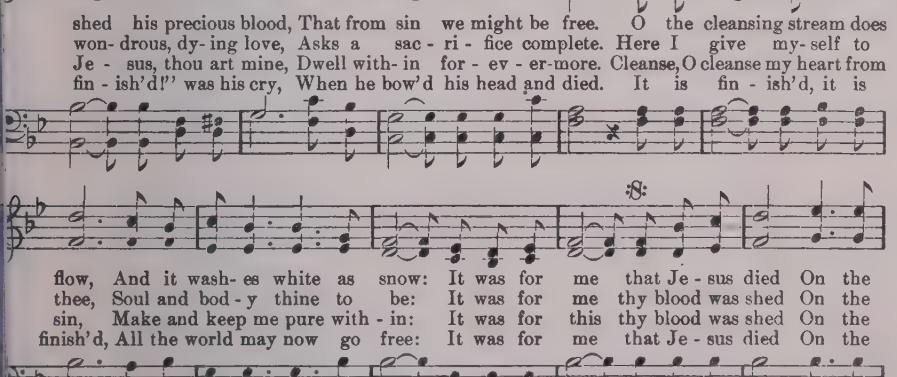
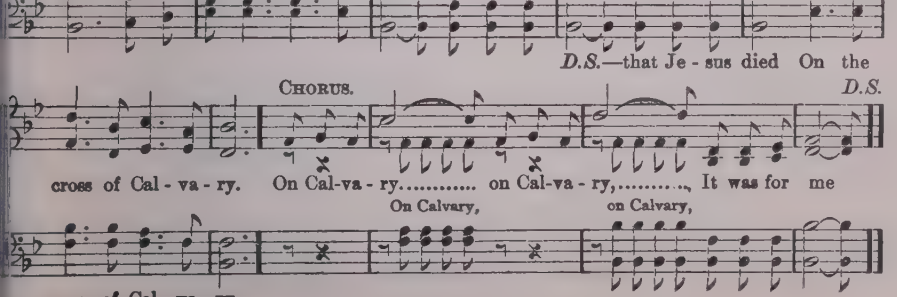
On the Cross of Calvary.







No. 18.

I'll Be There, By and By.

H. J. L. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. There's a land of bliss e - ter - nal, O - ver on the oth - er side, I'll be
2. 'Tis a truth my soul up - lift - ing, As I jour - ney to that land, I'll be
3. Do you won - der why I'm hap - py, In this life of trial and care? I'll be
4. As each day the shad - ows gath - er, I am one day near - er home, I'll be

there, by and by; With my blessed, loving Saviour, I will evermore abide,
there, by and by; There I'll meet my dear Redeemer, Clasp the waiting, outstretched hand
there, by and by; Do you know I'll have a mansion Which my Saviour will prepare
there, by and by; When I reach the realms of glory, Nevermore my steps shall roam

I'll be there, by and by;

CHORUS.

I'll be there,..... by and by. I'll be there, by and by,

I'll be there, by and by. I'll be there, by and by,

I will meet my precious Saviour, by and by; In the realms of end - less day,

by and by;

Where all tears are wiped a- way, I'll be there fore'er to stay, by and by.

by and by

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No. 21. The Blood of Jesus.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. All my sins are washed a - way By the blood of Je - sus, And my heart is
2. Now my heart is free from sin, Thro' the blood of Je - sus, I am clean and
3. O my broth - er, is thy soul Cleansed and saved by Je - sus? Come to - day and

cleansed to - day, By the blood of Je - sus. There's a fountain o - pened wide
pure with - in— Pre- cious blood of Je - sus! Tho' my soul was dark as night,
be made whole By the blood of Je - sus. Tho' thy soul be lost in sin,

By the Mas - ter cru - ci - fied. From his pre- cious, wound - ed side
Je - sus' pres - ence gives me light, And his blood has made me white—
Je - sus' blood can en - ter in, And can make thee pure and clean—

CHORUS.

Flows the blood of Je - sus.
Pre- cious blood of Je - sus!
Pre- cious blood of Je - sus!
O the blood, the precious blood, Wondrous grace be-

stow - ing! All my sins are washed a - way By the fount - ain flow - ing.

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No. 22.

Joy Overflowing.

IRVIN H. MACK. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. What tho' temptation's pow - er As- sails like tempest's blast? The world may shun my
2. There's comfort in the knowledge, There's joy beyond compare; My heart is filled with
3. What- ev - er may be - tide me, What la - bor, tri - al, pain, If Je - sus but sus-

Sav - iour, My faith in him holds fast! Thro' wildest op - po - si - tion One
glo - ry; For Je - sus dwelleth there! Should shadows gather round me, And
tains me, 'Twill be e - ter - nal gain. And when at last I meet him, In

thing, by faith, I know: That Je - sus sweetly saves me— All else, but this, may go.
earth - ly comforts flee, I still will sing his prais - es; He still will comfort me.
glo - ry, on his throne, I'll have a precious welcome: He'll claim me as his own.

CHORUS.

There is joy o - ver - flow - ing, There is joy o - ver - flow - ing,

There is joy o - ver - flow - ing, In the serv - ice of my Lord!

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No. 23.

He's Everything to Me.

FRANK H. MASHAW. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I once was in the des - ert, all wea - ry, sad and lone, Un-
2. I left the bar - ren des - ert and sought his lov - ing face, De-
3. He gives me joy - ous sing - ing and makes the sun to shine, And
4. And in the si - lent watch of the lone - ly mid - night hour, He

til my Sav - iour told me that I was still his own, He bade me leave my
pend- ing on his mer - cy and on his sav - ing grace; He smiled up - on me
oft he smiles up - on me, and then I know he's mine, He car - ries all my
comes my soul to res - cue and shows his might- y pow'r, And when the light of

fol - ly and from the dan - ger flee, And now he's ev - 'ry- thing to me.
gen - tly; from sin he set me free, And now he's ev - 'ry- thing to me.
bur - dens and keep me on life's sea, And now he's ev - 'ry- thing to me.
glo - ry come shin - ing o'er death's sea, He'll still be ev - 'ry- thing to me.

CHORUS.

He's ev - 'rything, yes, ev-'rything to me, He's ev - 'rything, yes, ev'rything to
He's He's

me; Thro' night and day, Where'er I stray—He's ev - 'ry - thing to me.
to me.

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No. 24.

Some Happy Day.

JOHN JAMES. J. J. LOWE.

1. Some hap - py day mine eyes shall see, The face of him who died for me;
2. Some hap - py day I too shall sing The song that makes all heav-en ring;
3. Some hap - py day, O bless - ed thought, The race is run, the bat - tle fought;
4. Some hap - py day, 'Tis drawing near, The thought my faint - ing soul doth cheer;

I'll praise him thro' E - ter - ni - ty, Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.
Worthy the Lamb, our Lord and King, Some hap - py day, some hap - py day
We'll join the throng by his blood bought, Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.
Sweet welcome from his lips to hear Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.

CHORUS.

Some hap - py day,.... ..... some hap - py day,..... The Lord will
Some hap - py day, some hap - py day,

wipe..... our tears a - way,..... And we shall see..... him as he
The Lord will wipe, our tears a - way, And we shall see

rit.

is,..... Some hap - py day,..... some hap - py day.....
him as he is,

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No. 25. Jesus Ever is the Same True Friend.

A. J. C. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Though the seasons come and go, Summer's sun and winter's snow, Tho' the passing years to earth their changes lend; There is One whose love so free Ev - ermore will changeless be!
2. Time's swift current onward glides, There is nothing which a-bides, To the fleeting years all things must surely bend; Friends may false or faithless prove, But there's One whose name is Love!
3. Then, while swift years haste away, Let us strive from day to day To be those on whom the Mas - ter may de - pend, For tho' naught may long endure, Of this truth our hearts are sure,

1. changes lend;

CHORUS.

Je - sus ev - er is the same true friend! Je - sus is our friend, Ev-er the same true friend!

He's the one on whom we may de - pend; Tho' afar our steps would roam,

we may de-pend;

He would seek to bring us home, Je - sus ev - er is the same true friend!

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No. 26.

Jesus Knows and Cares.

M. S. MARGARET SHULTZ.

1. On life's path - way are there cross - es? Je - sus knows and cares;
2. Tho' life's shad - ows dark are fall - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
3. When the e - ven- tide is near - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
4. Are you heav - y bur- dens bear - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;

1. On life's pathway are there cross - es? Je - sus knows and Je- sus cares;

Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es? Je - sus knows and cares;
Tho' the fu - ture seems ap - pall - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
When the light is dis - ap - pear - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
Glad- ly all your sor- row shar - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;

Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es? Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares;

Doth there come the hour of weep - ing, Treasures van - ish from your keep - ing,
Tho' the years their griefs are bring - ing, Hushing ev - 'ry voice of sing - ing,
When with tears the eyes are fill - ing, Anguish deep the soul is thrill - ing.
Tho' your life be filled with cry - ing, Pleasures van - ished, joys be dy - ing,

Bit - ter pain your heart be reap - ing? Je - sus knows and cares.
Fear ye not, the cry is ring - ing, Je - sus knows and cares.
Peace he brings, his heart is will - ing; Je - sus knows and cares.
Yet look up be - yond the sigh - ing, Je - sus knows and cares.

Bit - ter pain your heart be reap - ing? Je- sus knows and Je- sus cares.

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No. 27.

Waiting, But Working.

E. Richmond. C. Austin Miles.

Not too fast.

1. I am thinking to-day Of a man-sion a-bove, By the side of the
2. I am sing-ing the songs That they sing o-ver there, I am prais-ing the
3. I've a crown o-ver there, I am long-ing to wear, When the bur-dens of

riv-er so fair; Where the streets are of gold, And we nev-er grow old, O the
Lord that I love; But I long to be free And his glo-ry to see, With the
life shall be o'er; With the cross-es all past, With my loved ones at last, I shall

Chorus.

joy of a home o-ver there!
blood-washed in heav-en a-bove.
rest on that heav-en-ly shore.
} But the Mas-ter says, Stay, There is

work here to do, And he tells me he'll call by and by; There are
by and by;

souls to be won Ere my work shall be done, And I en-ter my mansion on high.

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No. 28.

Are You Helping?

T. M. Eastwood. Arthur Wilton.

1. There's a glorious work to do, Are you help - ing? To God's service are you
2. There's a har- vest we should reap, Are you help - ing? In the furrows it lies
3. There's a bat - tle to be fought, Are you help - ing? Are you fighting as you

Are you helping?

true, Are you help - ing? There are ma - ny souls to win, From their
deep, Are you help - ing? If it per - ish in the night, By the
ought, Are you help - ing? Sa - tan's hosts are great and strong, And the

Are you helping?

e - vil and their sin, Je - sus wants us to be - gin, Are you help - ing?
mildew or the blight, It will be a sor - ry sight, Are you help - ing?
struggle will be long, Christ will sure-ly conquer wrong, Are you help - ing?

Are you helping?

Chorus.

Are you help - ing? Are you help - ing? To God's

Are you helping? Are you helping?

service are you true, Are you help - ing? Satan's hosts are great and strong, And the

Are you helping?

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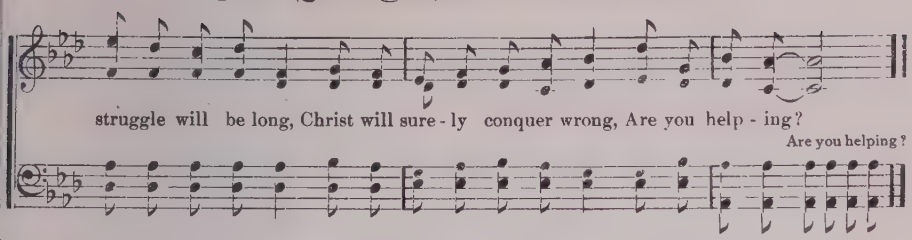
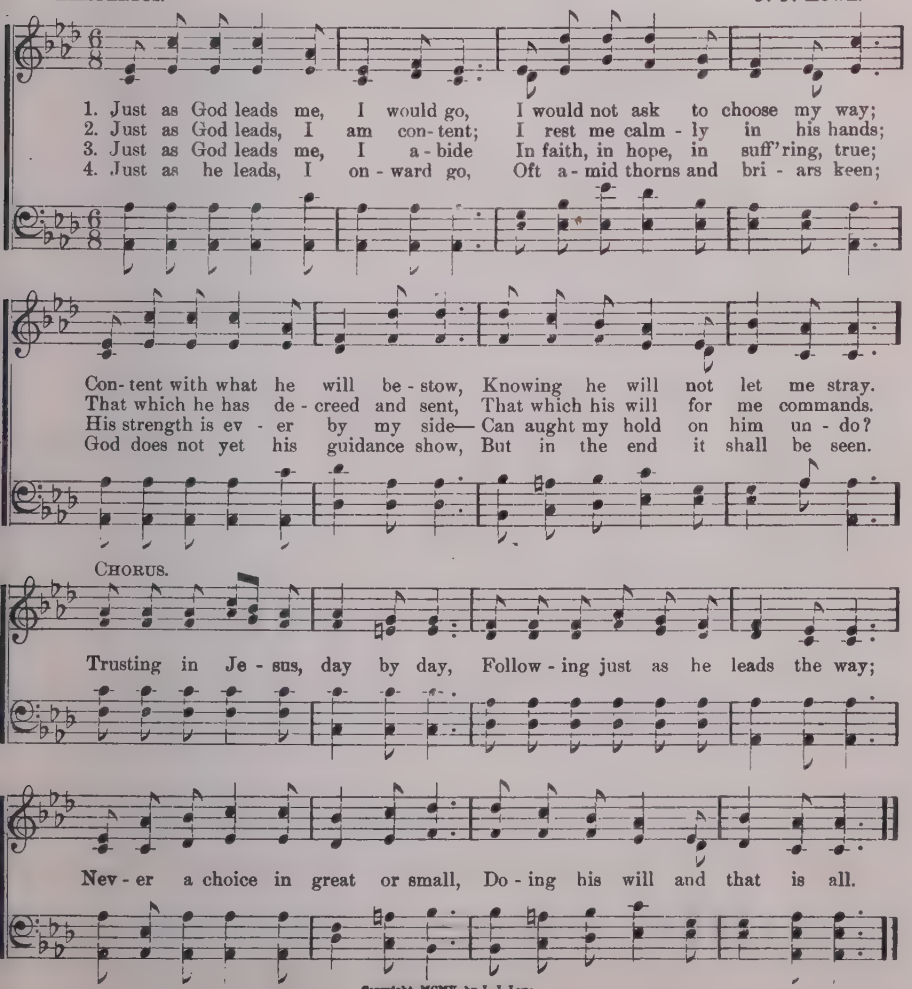
Are You Helping?—Concluded.



No. 29. Just as God Leads.

LAMPERTUS. J. J. LOWE.



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No. 30.

In the Shadow of His Wings.

EBEN E. REXFORD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. In the times of bit - ter troub - le, When the heart is grieved with loss, And o'er
2. Just to think! God is so near us That his hand our hand may find If we
3. Love of God that faileth nev - er, Foll'wing all the wand'ring feet, Hating

rough, hard ways we stum - ble 'Neath the burden of our cross, Then a tho't comes, comfort
reach out in the dark- ness, Tho' our eyes with tears are blind! Close beside us! O the
sin, but seeking sin - ners With a patience strange as sweet; Follow, fol - low, ev - er

bringing, And the heart's dis-ordered strings Lose their discord in its mu - sic—In the
com- fort That this tho't of nearness brings, Tho' his face for tears we see not!—In the
fol - low, Till thy lov - ing pleading brings All thy children to the shelter In the

CHORUS.

shadow of his wings!
shadow of his wings!
shadow of thy wings!
O the tho't is sweeter, sweet- er, Than the song the skylark

sings, Soaring toward the gates of heav - en— In the shadow of his wings!

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No. 31.

Speak to Me, Jesus.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in lov - ing kindness:
2. Speak to thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way; Fill them with joy and gladness,
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal thy will; Let me know all my du - ty,

"Thou art not left a - lone." O - pen my heart to hear thee, Quickly to hear thy voice,
Teach them to watch and pray. May they in con - se- cra- tion, Yield their whole lives to thee,
Let me thy law ful - fill. Lead me to glo - ri - fy thee, Help me to show thy praise,

CHORUS.

Fill thou my soul with praises, Let me in thee re - joice.
Hasten thy coming kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.
Gladly to do thy bid - ding, Hon - or thee all my days.
} Speak thou in softest whispers,

Whispers of love to me: "Thou shalt be always conqu'ror, Thou shalt be always free." Speak thou to

me each day, Lord, Always in tend'rest tone; Let me now hear thy whisper: "Thou art not left alone."

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PACIFIC SCHOOL

No. 32. There is Something in that Story.

JAMES ROWE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Slow, with expression.

1. There is something in that sto - ry Of the Saviour's love for men; It appeals to me, my
2. There is something in that sto - ry, For it makes my load grow light; And the world, which seemed so
3. There is something in that sto - ry, For my ver - y soul is stirred; There is kindness in each

brother, Let me hear it told a - gain. Yes, there's something in that sto - ry, For my
drear-y, Now looks beau-ti - ful and bright. Yes, there's something in that sto - ry, For it
sentence, There is love in ev- 'ry word. Yes, there's something in that sto - ry Which has

tears be - gin to roll, And I feel a wave of gladness Sweeping o'er my guilty soul.
lifts my mind a - bove Tho'ts of en - vy, strife and hatred, To a plane of peace and love.
won this heart of mine; Loving Je - sus, I will trust thee; Take my heart, for it is thine.

CHORUS.

There is something in that sto- ry Of the Saviour's love for men; It appeals to me, my

brother, Let me hear it told a - gain. As it tells the love of Je - sus, How he

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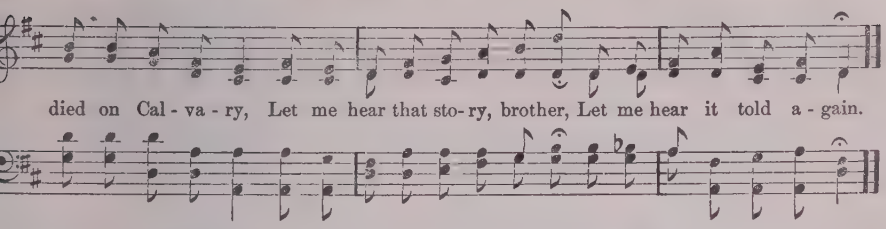
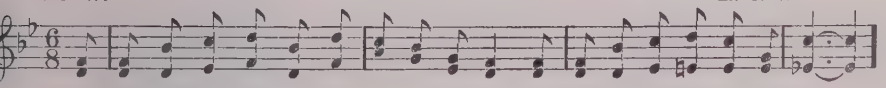
There is Something in that Story.—Concluded.



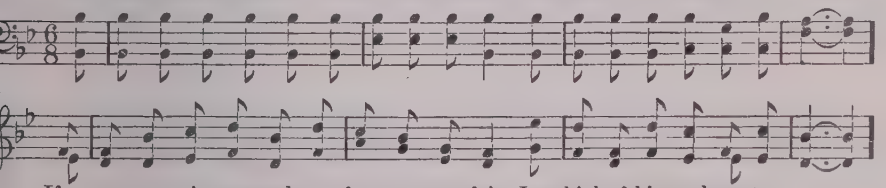
o. 33.

Think of His Goodness to You.

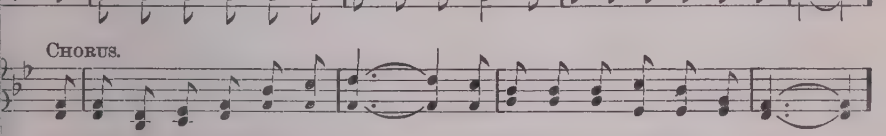
R. C. W. R. C. WARD.



1. When waves of af - fliction sweep o - ver the sou., And sunlight is hidden from view,
2. The world may forsake you, and those whom you trust May prove to be false and un - true;
3. Mis - fortune's dark cloud may hang o - ver the way, De- spite your best efforts to do;
4. When dear ones are tak - en a- way from you here, You loved with af- fection so true,

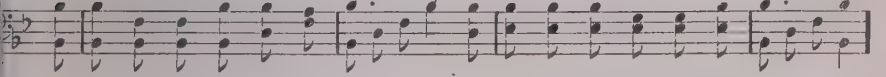


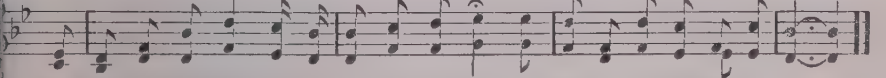
If ev - er you're tempted to fret or complain, Just think of his goodness to you.
There's One you can trust e - ven un - to the end; Just think of his goodness to you.
The Saviour is guarding your treasures up there; Just think of his goodness to you.
Look un - to the Saviour for strength to endure, And think of his goodness to you.



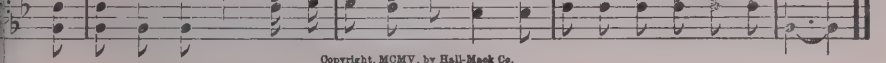
CHORUS.

Just think of his goodness to you;..... Yes, think of his goodness to you;.....
his goodness to you; his goodness to you;





Tho' storms o'er thee sweep, He is a - ble to keep; O think of his goodness to you!



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No. 34.

Lend a Hand.

T. M. Eastwood. C. Austin-Miles.

1. There's a work for you to do, Lend a hand, God is seek-ing help of you,
2. There's an ev - il world to win, Lend a hand, From its ev - il and its sin,
3. There's a crown for those who work, Lend a hand, There is none for those who shirk

Lend a hand,

Lend a hand; See, his har - vest field is white, We may per - ish in a night,
Lend a hand; Christ will help you in the task, There is noth - ing more to ask,
Lend a hand; If we toil till set of sun, When the glo - rious work is done,

Chorus.

Go and reap with all your might, Lend a hand.
In his fa - vor you shall bask, Lend a hand.
We shall shine forth as the sun, Lend a hand.

Lend a hand,

Lend a hand

Lend a hand,

Lend a hand, There is work for you to do, Lend a hand, Lend a hand,

Lend a hand,

Lend a hand,

Lend a hand

Lend a hand, God is call - ing for workers; Lend a hand.

Lend a hand,

Lend, lend a hand

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No. 35.

Never Known to Fail.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O the prom- is - es of God Long have Satan's might withstood, And no pow'r of darkness
2. O the mighty hand of time Fashions many-a work sublime, Yet the tide of years their
3. Trust those holy words to - day, Let them guide you on life's way, Seek their refuge in temp-

o'er them shall prevail; They are builded sure and strong For the conflict with the wrong, And those
splendor shall assail; But the Word of God, this hour, Thrills with all the old-time pow'r, For those
tation's roughest gale; Strength and courage they shall lend, Pow'r from heaven shall descend, For those

CHORUS.

prom- is - es were never known to fail! God's promises were never known to fail!
were never known to fail!

No pow'r of darkness o'er them shall pre - vail! They are builded sure and strong
shall prevail!

For the con- flict with the wrong, God's prom- is - es were nev - er known to fail!

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No. 36.

Is It Nothing to You?

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

Slowly.

1. Is it nothing to you that a sin - sick world Is ly - ing in darkness and night,
2. Is it nothing to you that the starving souls Are pleading for life - giv - ing bread,
3. Is it nothing to you that they groan and wail, In anguish and sor- row and pain?

And with nev- er a bright cheering beam to shine With glo - ri - ous gos - pel light?
And are you, with a - bundance beyond your need, Still let- ting them go un - fed?
Shall the Saviour who died on the cru - el cross Have giv - en his life in vain?

Is it nothing to you that the millions there Go down to a Christless grave,
Is it nothing to you that they wait athirst For wa - ter of life so free,
Is it nothing to you that the last command Of him whose dear name you bear

rit.

And with not a word of the lov - ing Lord, Who suffered, their souls to save?
And you quench your thirst in the cool - ing stream, While they die in mis - er - y?
Was to preach the gos- pel to all the lands, Pro- claiming it ev - 'ry - where?

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing to you? That the harvest is great and the

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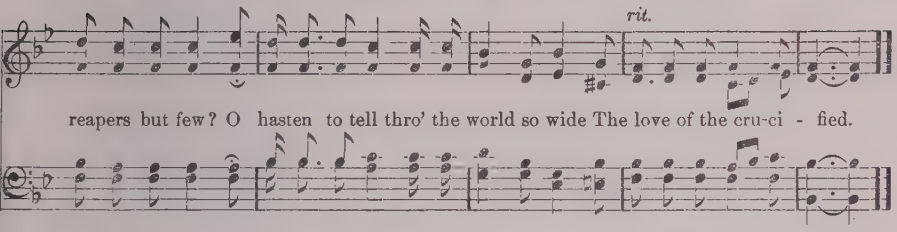
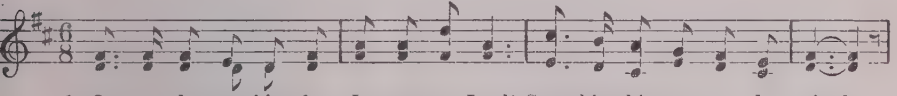
Is It Nothing to You?—Concluded.



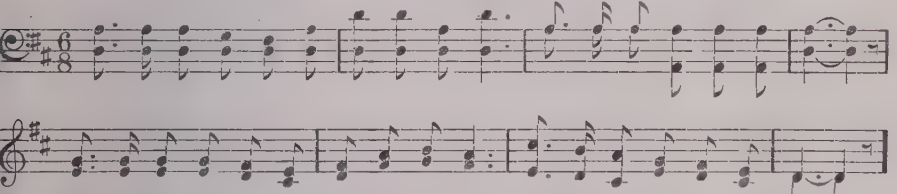
No. 37.

O to Do Something!

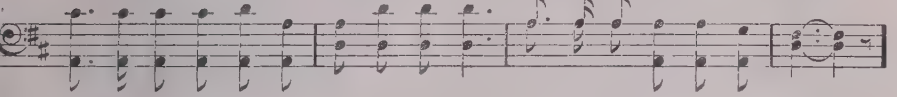
R. C. W. R. C. WARD.



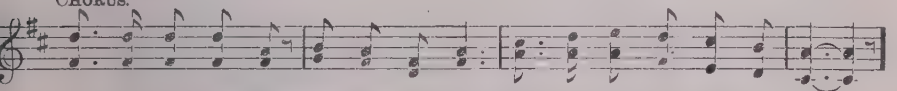
1. O to do something for Je - sus, my Lord! Something his cause to de - fend;
2. O to do something for Je - sus, my Lord! Gold - en the harvest to - day:
3. O to do something for Je - sus, my Lord! Now, ere the journey is run:



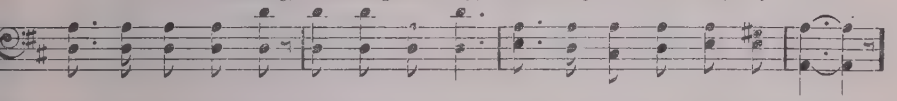
Firm for the right and op - posed to the wrong, Stead - i - ly on to the end.
Ma - ny are wan- der- ing far from the fold; Help me to show them the way!
Working for Je - sus brings sweetest con- tent; Then his ap- prov - al, "Well done!"

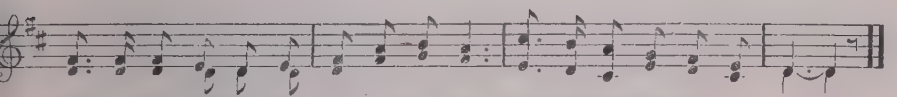


CHORUS.

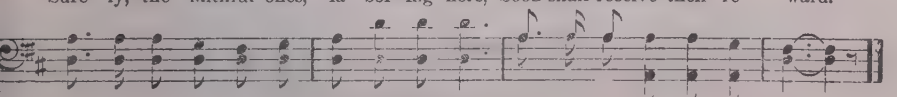


O to do something, something to - day, Something for Je - sus, my Lord!





Sure - ly, the faithful ones, la - bor- ing here, Soon shall receive their re - ward.



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No. 38.

I am On My Way to Heaven.

H. J. L. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. I am on my way to heav - en where the saints are robed in white, Shouting glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To that bless - ed land im-mor- tal where can Hal - le- lu - jah! Hal - le- lu - jah!
2. I am on my way to heav - en where the streets are pav'd with gold, Shouting glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To the place of ma - ny mansions and of
3. I am on my way to heav - en, bless - ed land of pure de- light, Shouting glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! Where the bless'd of ev - 'ry na - tion and for -
4. I am on my way to heav - en where I'll see my Saviour's face, Shouting glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! There I'll sing redemption's sto - ry, bless-ed

CHORUS.

nev- er come the night, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
glo - ries yet un- told, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
ev- er cloth'd in white, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
song of sav- ing grace, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
O glo - ry hal - le- lu-jah! Hal- le- lujah! all the way!

lu-jah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! O Hal- le-lujah! Hal- le-lujah!

glo-ry hal-le-lujah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo-ry all the way! Hal - le-lujah! all the way!

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No. 39.

The Fire is Burning.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

Joyously.

1. I've been on Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, And I've sat - is - fied my long-ing
2. I will walk with Je - sus, bless his name, And to be like him I ev - 'ry
3. I my all up - on the al - tar lay, As I to my clos - et lov - ing-
4. By faith's eye I scan the o- cean's foam, And be- yond I see the ha - ven

heart's de - sire; For I caught a glimpse of glo - ry bright, And my soul is
day as - pire; For his love is like a heav'n- ly flame, And my soul is
ly re - tire; And the flame consumes while there I pray, And my soul is
I de - sire; There I view the bea- con lights of home, And my soul is

CHORUS.

burning with the fire. O the fire is burning, yes, 'tis brightly burning,

O 'tis burn- ing, burn - ing in my soul; O the fire is burn- ing

yes, 'tis brightly burning, O 'tis burning, burning in my soul.

burn - ing in my soul.

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No. 40.

Follow Me.

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus called the rug - ged fish - ers By the sea - of Gal - i - lee,
2. Up the mountain side so drear - y, Echoing down the rock - y steep,
3. "I have watched thee grow-ing wea - ry In the des - ert wastes of sin;
4. "Follow close - ly in my footprints, To the right or left ne'er stray;

"If thou wouldst be my dis - ci - ple, Leave thy nets and fol - low me."
Hear the Shepherd's voice so ten - der, Calling for his wand'ring sheep;
I have yearned to have thee near me, And have tried thy heart to win.
Straight the gate, the way is nar - row, But it leads to end - less day.

So his gen - tle voice is call - ing, Wea - ry sin - ner, call - ing thee,
"Sheep of mine, why art thou stray - ing On the mountains bleak and cold?
I would give thee peace and com - fort, Rest from all this sin and strife,
In my Fa - ther's house in glo - ry, Mansions fair are wait - ing thee;

"Leave the world and sin be - hind you, Take thy cross and fol - low me."
Fol - low me, I'll safe - ly lead you To the shel - ter of the fold."
Fol - low me, and I will guide thee, I'm the Way, the Truth, the Life."
Give thy wea - ry wand'rings o - ver, Take thy cross and fol - low me."

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Follow Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Very softly.*

Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low;

Where he leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

God's per- fect will there lies be - fore me, When I am thus a - lone with God.
I see the King in all his beau - ty, While rest-ing there a - lone with God.
When time with me is dis - ap - pear - ing, I want to be a - lone with God.

CHORUS.

A - lone with God,..... ..... the world for - bid - den, A - lone with

A - lone with God,

God,..... O blest re - treat! A- lone with God,..... and in him

A - lone with God, A - lone with God,

ritard.

hid - en, To hold with him..... com- mun - ion sweet.

To hold with him

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No. 44. Look for Me!

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. When you get to heaven, as you sure - ly will, If the Saviour's name you own,
2. When you roam with friends across the heav'nly fields, Ev- er find - ing treasures new;
3. When you hear them singing round the great white throne, Songs of praise un- to the Lamb;
4. When you kneel in worship to the King of kings, Who has saved you by his grace;

Af - ter you have greeted those you love the best, Who are standing round the throne—
When you stand in rapture on some star - ry height, Gazing on some glorious view—
When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold, Shouting "Glory to his name!"—
When you see that Saviour who has brought you there, And with joy be- hold his face—

Chorus.

You may look for me, for I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!

You may look for me, for I'll be there! Glo - ry to his name!
I'll be there! Precious name!

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No. 45. Have Faith in God.

M. A. S. May Agnew Stephens.

Con espress.

1. Do you ev - er feel down- heart - ed or dis - couraged? Do you
2. Dark- est night will al - ways come be - fore the dawning, Sil - ver
3. God is might - y, he is a - ble to de - liv - er, Faith can

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Have Faith in God.—Concluded.

ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do the bur - dens thrust up-
lin - ings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour - ney he has
vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try - ing hour; Fear and care, and sin and

on you make you tremble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vict'ry gain?.....
vict'ry gain?
promised to be with you, Naught has come to you but what his love al - lowed. ...
his love allowed.
sor - row be de - feat - ed By our faith in God's almight - y, conqu'ring pow'r. ...
conqu'ring pow'r.

CHORUS.

Have faith in God,..... the sun will shine,..... Tho' dark the
Have faith in God, the sun will shine,

clouds..... may be to - day;..... His heart hath planned..... your path and
Tho' dark the clouds may be to-day; His heart hath planned

rit.

mine,..... Have faith in God,..... have faith al - way.....
your path and mine, Have faith in God, have faith alway.

No. 46.

We Shall Gather in that City.

JENNIE WILSON. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There will be a bliss - ful morning when the earth - ly night has flown, And the glo - ry-light will all around us lie; In "Je - ru - sa- lem, the gold - en," on - ly is that splen - dor known, And we'll gath - er in that cit - y by and by.
2. We shall come from ev - 'ry na - tion in ways sep - a - rat - ed wide, Cross- ing one by one the dark - ly - flowing stream, Then up- on the shore e - ter - nal, just be- yond the sol - emn tide, We shall meet where tow'ring walls of jas - per gleam.
3. We shall gath - er with redeemed ones wear- ing garments pure and white, Chanting with ex - ult - ant voic - es vict'ry's psalm; O how sweet will be that meeting in the dawn of heav- en's light, As we sing glad hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lamb.

CHORUS.

We shall gath - - er in that cit - y, We shall gath- er in the cit - y built on high, by and by; O "Je - ru - sa - lem, the blest," where the

We shall gath - er in that cit - y, in that cit - y, by and by,

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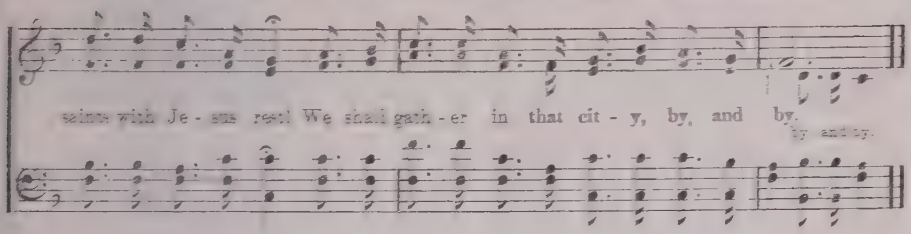
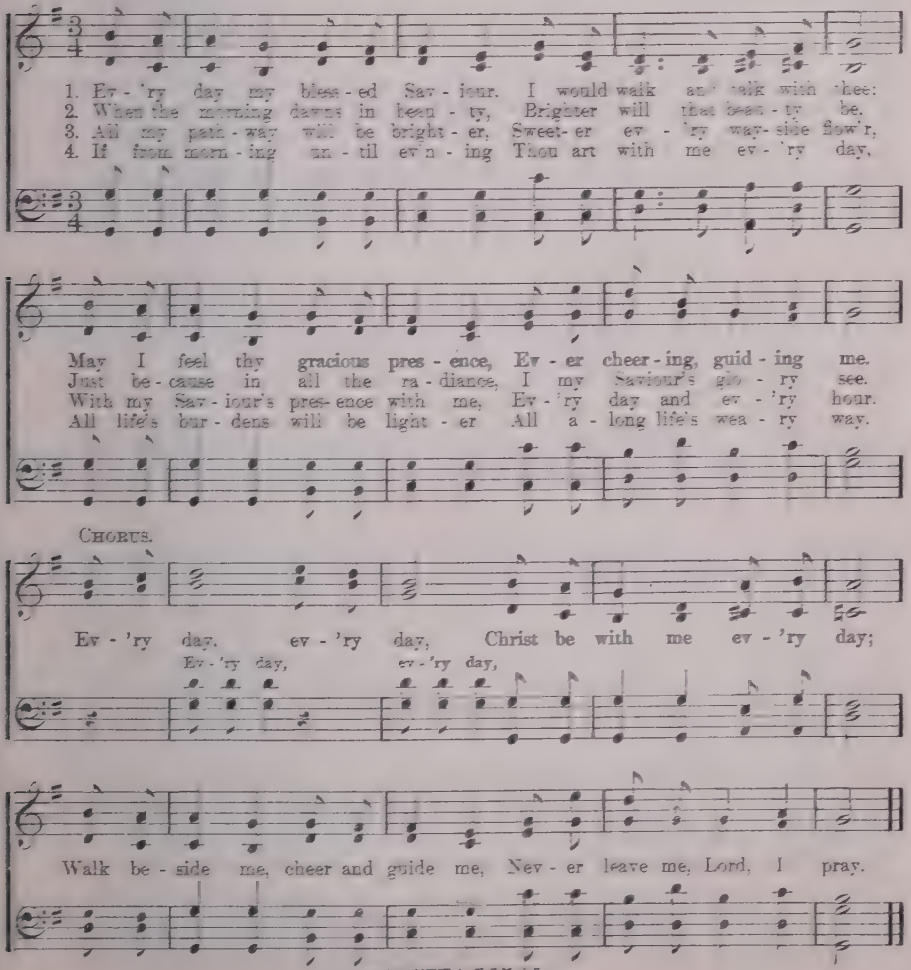
We Shall Gather in that City.—Concluded.



No. 47.

Christ Every Day.

T. M. Eastwood. C. Austin Miles.



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No. 48. He Will Send the Promised Power.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. Would your hearts be filled with rap - ture, ris - ing o'er the cares of earth, Know the
2. Would your long - ing hearts be seek - ing for the pres- ence of the Lord? Would you
3. O the pow'r just now is wait - ing, are you read - y to re- ceive? It is

full- ness of his glo - ry hour by hour? Seek the sunshine of his presence and with-
see God's blessing fall in grateful show'r? Wait as they who were at Pen - te- cost, be
wait- ing to de- scend this ver - y hour! 'Tis the Bible's blest as - surance! You have

CHORUS.

in his love a - bide! He will send the promised pow'r!
all of one ac - cord, He will send the promised pow'r!
on - ly to believe! He will send the promised pow'r!
} He will send the promised

pow'r! He will send the promised pow'r! O the glo - ry of his

pres- ence will with - in our hearts a - bide, He will send the promised pow'r!

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No. 49.

Jesus Understands.

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bowed beneath your burden, is there none to share? Weary with the journey, is there
2. Ev - 'ry heav - y bur- den he will glad - ly share, Are you sad and weary? Je- sus
3. Tho' temp- ta - tion meet you, Je - sus can sus - tain, Life has vexing problems which he
4. Wea - ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow rugged? Yet his

none to care? Courage, wayworn trav'ler, heed your Lord's commands, There's a tho't to cheer you,
has a care; Well he knows the pathway o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pilgrim,
can explain; Serve him where he sends you, tho' in distant lands; Do not doubt or question,
way is best; Leave the unknown future in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful,

CHORUS.

Je - sus un - derstands. Yes, he un - derstands, All his ways are best.

O yes,

Hear, he calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu - ture

O hear,

in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus un- derstands.

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No. 50.

Oft I Read with Sweet Delight.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Oft I read with sweet delight Of a home forever bright, Where the ransom'd ones with
2. Since a life with Christ below Is a joy so sweet to know, O what must it be with-
3. In his righteousness arrayed, We shall be no more afraid, And we nev - er shall be

joy their Lord be- hold; All his glo- ry they may share, Crowns of shining beau- ty wear,
in that "up- per fold!" When these eyes of mine shall see, What he has "prepared" for me,
wea - ry or grow old, O my soul mounts on the wing, With a car - ol to the King,

CHORUS.

But we know the half has nev-er yet been told.
I can but exclaim, "the half has not been told."
And I know the half has ne-ver yet been told.
O the half..... has not been

O the half

told, O the half..... has not been told! Of that

has not been told, O the half has not been told!

pure and changeless home, Where no sorrow e'er can come, O we know the half has never yet been told!

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No. 51.

No Condemnation, No Separation.

JENNIE EVELYN HUSSEY. To my esteemed friend, Prof. W. S. Weeden J. LINCOLN HALL.

EFFECTIVE AS A SOLO.

1. Who shall ev - er sep - arate us from the wondrous love of Christ? Neither per-se - cution
2. Who is he that shall condemn us, when our Lord for us hath died? And he said, "I'll not con-
3. Who shall ev - er sep - arate us from the love of Christ, our Lord? Neither per- ils on the

fam - ine, nor dis- tress; Prin- ci - pal - i - ties nor powers, nei-ther angels from on high
demn you; sin no more." For the love of God is broader than all oth- er love be- side,
sea or on the land; Not im - pris-onment nor fasting, nor the swift, relentless sword;

:S:

E'er shall cause that love to weaken or grow less. Neither height nor depth can sever from that
And our sins by Jesus' blood are covered o'er. He has promised to for-get them, and re-
Nev - er foe disturb, and nev- er trait- or stand. When his en - e-mies are conquered and our

CHO.—There is now no condem - nation; for he

love so strong and pure, For he promised ne'er to leave us or forsake; So we'll trust in him for-
move them far away—All the heavy load of guilt and sin and shame, And our ransom has been
vic - to - ry is won, When the hosts of sin at last are put to flight, We shall join the ransomed

took our sins away, And he nailed them to his cross on Cal-va - ry. There can be no sep - a-

D. S. for Chorus.

ev - er, for the Word of God is sure—Till at last in his own likeness we a - wake.
purchased that doth make us free to-day, Signed and sealed and given us in Je- sus' name.
ar - my at the set- ting of the sun. In the land of ev - er - lasting love and light.

ration; for "He's just the same to-day," And his love still reaches out to you and me.

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No. 52. He Waits for Thee.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. He waits for thee with wondrous grace, Di- vine com - pas - sion in his face;
2. He waits for thee in pa- tient love, To bring thee bless - ings from a - bove,
3. He waits for thee, yet time grows late, Not ev - er thus will Je - sus wait;

With wounded brow and nail-scarred hands, The Saviour on the threshold stands.
And o'er thy hard- ened heart doth yearn; O canst thou still thy Sav- iour spurn?
Re - ceive him, ere he pleads no more, And Christ, re-ject- ed, leaves the door.

CHORUS.

He waits for thee!.....He waits for thee!..... Was ever love..... so full and free?.....
He waits for thee! He waits for thee! Was ever love so full and free?

No longer close..... thy heart in sin,..... But let the lov - ing Sav- iour in.
No longer close thy heart in sin,

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No. 53. The Shining Shore.

G. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid - ing swift- ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not de- tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and (*Omit*.....) dan- ger.
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home dis- cerning, Our ab- sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be (*Omit*.....) burning.

D.C.—And just be - fore, the shining shore We may al- most dis- (*Omit*.....) cov - er.

The Shining Shore.—Concluded.

CHORUS. D.C.

For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
Forever, O forever!

No. 54.

Yes, He Will.

T. M. EASTWOOD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.

1. When our earth - ly toils are o - ver, And low sinks life's set - ting sun,
2. Will he give his gra - cious wel - come, To his ev - er - last - ing rest,
3. Will he place a crown of glo - ry On our foreheads in his love,
4. Will he bid us gath - er round him, And to fol - low in his train,

Will the Mas - ter fond - ly greet us, With a joy - ous glad "Well done?"
And pro - vide a home e - ter - nal, In the mansions of the blest?
When he reigns in roy - al splen - dor, In his king - dom up a - bove.
When with all his shin - ing an - gels, He de - scends to earth a - gain.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Yes, he will, Yes, he will, All his promises are true, He will keep his word to you;
Yes, he will, Yes, he will,

Yes, he will, yes, he will, He will keep his word with you.
Yes, he will, yes, he will,

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No. 55.

Satisfied.

MINNIE DIETRICH. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Some day, when all my heartaches cease, And I shall rest in per - fect peace;
2. Some day these wea - ry eyes will close, And I shall sink to sweet re - pose;
3. Some day, when burdens are laid down, And I receive the vic - tor's crown;
4. Some day, when on my list'ning ear, Shall fall the song of heav'nly cheer;

Where pain and care can - not an - noy, Then sweetest pleasures I'll en - joy.
Then I shall wake in glad sur - prise, And in my Saviour's im - age rise.
I shall be free from ev - 'ry fear, And God will wipe a - way each tear.
When I shall tread the gold- en street, And there my precious loved ones greet.

CHORUS.

And I'll be sat - is- fied, Yes, I'll be sat - is-fied, When I shall stand redeemed by grace;.....
redeemed by grace;

rit.

And I'll be sat - is- fied, Yes, I'll be sat - is-fied, When I shall see him face to face.

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No. 56.

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

:S:

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth - ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel- ing there in
3. Trust-ing on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on

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D.S.—While on oth - ers

Pass Me Not.—Concluded.

Fine. CHORUS. *D.S.*

thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con- tri - tion, Help my un-be - lief.
brok- en spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
earth beside thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

} Saviour, Saviour, Hear my humble cry,

thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 57.

A Wonderful Saviour.

JOHN JAMES. J. J. LOWE.

1. A won- der - ful Saviour is Je - sus, A won- der - ful friend he will be;
2. A won- der - ful Saviour is Je - sus, To all who his name have con - fessed;
3. A won- der - ful Saviour is Je - sus, He calls, "Come to me and find rest,"
4. A won- der - ful Saviour is Je - sus, That he should leave heaven a - bove

To all who re- ceive him and trust him, He saves thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
His par- don and peace he be - stow - eth; He gives them his own bless- ed rest.
To all who are la - den and wea - ry, By sor - row and sin are op - pressed.
To suf - fer and die to re - deem us; What won- der - ful, won- der- ful love!

CHORUS.

A won - der- ful Saviour is Je - sus, A won- der - ful love he be - stows;

When tempted and tried, he is with us, And helps us to conquer our foes.

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No. 58.

I Cannot Tell it All.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. My Lord has done so much for me, thro' all the passing days, I can-not tell it all,
2. He puts a song up-on my lips, and tho' I sing for aye, I can-not tell it all,
3. My falt'ring tongue in vain would speak the wonders of his grace, I can-not tell it all,
4. Tho' he has saved my soul from sin and banished all my fears, I can-not tell it all,

I can-not tell it all; And tho' I spend e-ter-ni-ty in songs of joy and praise,
I can-not tell it all; Tho' I should sing his wondrous love each moment of the day,
I can-not tell it all; And tho' my soul in faith may view the glo-ries of his face,
I can-not tell it all; And tho' I sing a-round his throne a thousand thousand years,

Chorus.

Still, I can-not tell it all. I can-not tell it all, I can-not tell it all,

I can-not tell you all he's done for me, for me; When on the cross he died,

For my sins was cru-ci-fied, It was free-ly done for you and me.

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No. 61.

Do You Want to Go There?

J. E. Lewis. L. E. Jones.

1. Just beyond the border land, behold a cit - y bright, Do you want to go there?
2. Thro' its gates of shining pearl can come no taint of sin, Do you want to go there?
3. Bless-ed home in love prepar'd for all the Saviour's own, Do you want to go there?

Do you want to go there? Shadows nev - er dim the skies, for Je - sus is the light,
Do you want to go there? Pain or death or fall - ing tear can have no place with-in,
Do you want to go there? There the friends of earth shall meet and sing before the throne,

Chorus.

Do you want to go there? Do you want to go there? Land of per - fect peace,

bright and fade - less day, Do you want to go there? Do you want to go there?

Je - sus is the light, Je - sus is the way, Do you want to go there? Do you want to go there?

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No. 62.

He Saved Me, Too.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. — Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Once deep con - viction the Lord on me did roll, My heart was heav- y, and
2. Once in a meeting, the pow'r of God was there, Ma - ny were shouting his
3. Once we were praying for more of pow'r di- vine, That in his service we
4. God has a mansion prepared for you and me, Where we will praise him, thro'

anx - ious for my soul; Friends were con- vert - ed, by faith saved thro' and thro,
name in praise and pray'r; God gave a blessing to those in ev - 'ry pew,
might a - rise and shine; God sent his Spir - it, our fire he did re - new,
all e - ter - ni - ty; "I will receive you," his prom - is - es are true,

Chorus.

But while the Lord saved oth - ers, he saved me, too! Yes, he saved me, too!
But while the Lord bless'd oth - ers, he blessed me, too! Yes, he blessed me, too!
But while the Lord filled oth - ers, he filled me, too! Yes, he filled me, too!
But when the Lord takes oth - ers, he'll take me, too! Yes, he'll take me, too!

He saved me, too! While the Lord saved oth - ers, he saved me, too!
He blessed me, too! While the Lord blessed oth - ers, he blessed me, too!
He filled me, too! While the Lord filled oth - ers, he filled me, too!
He'll take me, too! When the Lord takes oth - ers, he'll take me, too!

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No. 63. Dear Spirit, Lead Thou Me.

JOHN BELL. C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. Dear Spir-it, lead me to the Saviour's side, Where my poor soul I may in safe-ty hide From wrath di-vine, now hang-ing o-ver me, And shall un-til by faith the Lord I see.
2. For thy sure guid-ance I've not al-ways sought, Pride spurred me on to think as oth-ers tho't, That I a-lone could sure-ly find the way From na-ture's night to realms of end-less day.
3. But now I place my trembling hand in thine, And take thy coun-sel, Lord, in-stead of mine; Thou know'st the way, thou art a trust-ed guide, And to my soul can show the Cru-ci-fied.
4. Sweet Spir-it, lead me kind-ly on I pray, Out of the maze of er-ror's broad'ning way; For it is death to lin-ger there, or stay— With night so near, en-cir-cling life's short day.
5. I know thou wilt, un-wor-thy tho' I be, Safe lead me on, my ris-en Lord to see, My loved ones too, who long have gone be-fore, To join their ranks, at home, to part no more.

p CHORUS.

Dear Spir-it, lead me to his side,

O lead me to his side,

Where my poor soul I may in safe-ty hide; I place my hand in thine;

f *p* *rit.*.....

O take this soul of mine, Lead on till I be-hold my Lord, Cru-ci-fied.

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No. 64.

What Are They Doing in Heaven?

C. A. T. C. A. TINDLEY.

1. I am think - ing of friends whom I used to know, Who lived and
2. There were some whose hearts were burdened with cares, They passed their
3. There were some whose bod - ies were full of dis - ease, Med - i - cine nor
4. There were some who were poor and oft - en de - spised; They looked to

suf - fered in this world be - low; They've gone up to heav - en; but
moments in sigh - ing and tears, They clung to the cross with
doc - tor could give them much ease; They suf - fered till death brought a
heav- en thro' tear- blind - ed eyes, While peo - ple were heed - less and

CHORUS.

I want to know, What they are do - ing now.
trembling and fears, But what are they do - ing now? } What are they
fi - nal re - lease, But what are they do - ing now? }
deaf to their cries, But what are they do - ing now?

do - ing in heaven to - day? Where sin and sor- row are all done a - way, And

peace abounds like a riv - er, they say; O what are they do - ing there now?

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No. 65.

Let Him In.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Who is this that's waiting, waiting, Just out-side the door? Who is he that's
2. Don't you hear him say-ing, saying, "Come, O come to me; 'Twas for you that,
3. Still his voice is call-ing, calling, Sweet the tones and low; Bid him en-ter
4. Sometime you'll be waiting, waiting, Just out-side the gate; Sometime you'll be

knocking, knocking, Has he knocked be-fore? Rise and bid him en-ter in! Peace and
dy-ing, dy-ing, I hung on the tree. Come and see my hands, my side; Look on
quick-ly, quickly, Ere he turns to go! Must his pleading be in vain? Must he,
pleading, pleading, Then 'twill be too late! Now accept your heav'nly guest! He'll for-

hope he'll bring; 'Tis thy Sav-iour knocking, knocking, 'Tis thy Lord and King.
me and live; Tho' your sins be ma-ny, ma-ny, Par-don I can give."
then, de-part All be-cause his pleading, pleading, Reach-es not your heart?
give your sin! While he still is waiting, waiting, Rise and let him in!

Chorus.

Let him in! Let him in! He waits out-side the door;

Let him in ere he de-parts To re-turn no more!

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No. 66. Not Half the Story Sweet.

IDA L. REED. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. I can - not tell how won - der - ful, How great my Sav- iour's love, How
2. So much, so much he did for me, I praise him more and more; My
3. Life's storms full oft up - on me beat, The night falls gray and chill, And
4. O pre- cious, pre- cious, pre- cious love! A - lone I could not bear Life'-

CHORUS.

precious to my longing soul, All oth - er gifts above.
hope, my strength, my refuge sure, I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.
thro' the waters deep I pass, But he is with me still.
cross- es and perplex- i - ties; Did not my Saviour care.

Not half..... can e'er b
Not half can e'er be told,

told, Not half..... the sto - ry sweet; I
can e'er be told, Not half the sto - ry sweet, can e'er be told; I

kneel..... with grateful heart, And worship at his feet.
kneel with grateful heart, low at his feet, his blessed feet.

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No. 67. Homeward Bound.

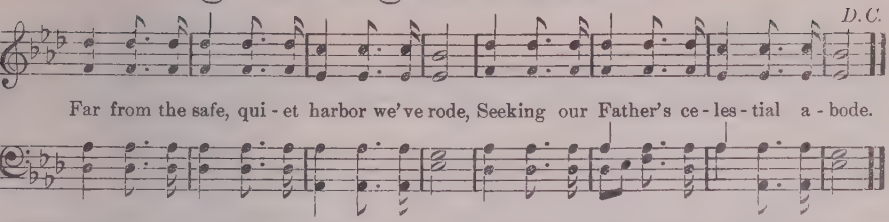
REV. W. F. WARREN. REV. J. W. DADMUN.

Fine

1. { Out on the o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound. }

D.C.—Prom- ise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Homeward Bound.—Concluded.

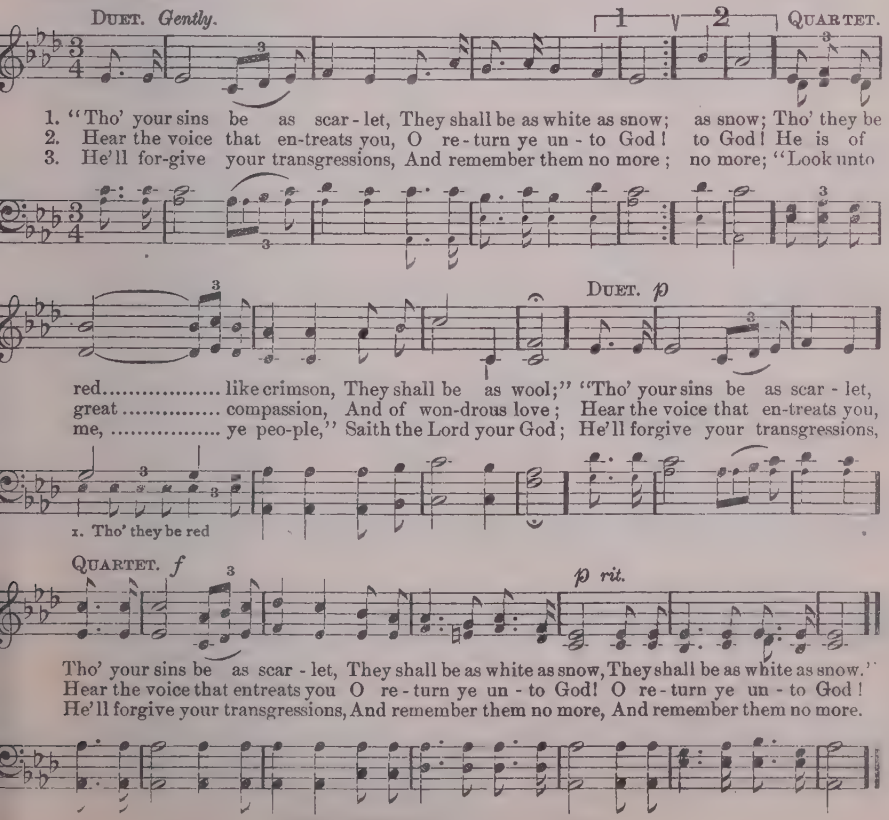


2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
Look! Yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! Stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! We soon shall outweather the gale;
O, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail;
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heav'n now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! We will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

No. 68. Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 69.

He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won - der-ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der-ful Sav-iour to me,
2. A won - der-ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my bur - den a - way,
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his full-ness di - vine,
4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the sky,

He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv-ers of pleasure I see.
He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv-eth me strength as my day.
I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God For such a Re-deem-er as mine.
His per - fect sal - va - tion, his won - der-ful love, I'll shout with the millions on high.

CHORUS.

He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shad - ows a dry thirst - y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of his love, And cov - ers me there with his hand, And cov - ers me there with his hand.

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No. 70.

I've Anchored in Jesus.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Up - on life's boundless o - cean where mighty billows roll, I've fixed my hope in Je - sus, blest
2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me blessed peace, His voice hath stilled the waters and
3. He is my Friend and Saviour, in him my anchor's cast, He drives a - way my sor-rows and

an - chor of my soul. When tri - als fierce as - sail me as storms are gath-'ring o'er,
bid their tu-mult cease. My pi - lot and de - liv - 'rer to him I all con - fide,
shields me from the blast. By faith I'm look - ing up - ward be - yond life's troubled sea,

CHORUS.

I rest up - on his mer - cy and trust him more.
For al - ways when I need him, he's at my side.
There I be - hold a ha - ven pre-pared for me.
} I've anchored in Je - sus, The

storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've

anchored in Je - sus, For he hath pow'r to save, I've anchored to the rock of a - ges.

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No. 71.

I Belong to the King.

IDA L. REED. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. I belong to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his
2. I belong to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer - cy and
3. I belong to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be

pal - ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heaven a - bove, And his
kindness, so free, Are un - ceasing - ly mine, wher- so - ev - er I go, And my
gathered at last In his kingdom a - bove, by life's wa- ters so pure, When this

CHORUS.

chil - dren its splendors shall share.
ref - uge un - fail - ing is he.
life with its tri - als is past.

I be - long to the King, I'm a

child of his love, And he nev - er for - sak- eth his own; He will call me some

day to his pal - ace a - bove, I shall dwell by his glo - ri - fied throne.

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No. 72.

His Way with Thee.

C. S. N. Psalm 37: 5. REV. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al - ways pure and good? Would you walk with him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have him bear your bur - den, car - ry all your load? Let him have his way with thee.
2. Would you have him make you free, and fol - low at his call? Would you know the peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him save you, so that you need nev - er fall? Let him have his way with thee.
3. Would you in his kingdom find a place of con - stant rest? Would you prove him true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his ser - vice la - bor al - ways at your best? Let him have his way with thee.

CHORUS.

His pow'r can make you what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and you will see, 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

rit.

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No. 73. Joyful is My Soul To-day.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I'm now re - joic - ing in the peace, Which Christ a - lone can give; He
2. I'm lean - ing on the bless - ed arms, That nev - er yet have failed; I'm
3. For fleet - ing pleasures here be - low, I would no long - er sigh; 'Tis
4. I would that ev - 'ry heart might see The beau - ty of my King; His
5. Dear, wea - ry one, lay down your load—O, cast on him your care! Ac -

bids my doubts and fears to cease, He makes it sweet to live.
kept from Sa - tan's wild alarms, Thro' him that hath prevailed.
Je - sus cheers me as I go— His love can sat - is - fy.
loy - al, lov - ing subject be, And with me glad - ly sing:
cept the blessed peace of God, Naught can with it compare!

REFRAIN.

Joy - ful, joy - ful is my soul to - day, Joy - ful, joy - ful, on the up - ward way; Since I sought the Sav - iour, Found his pard'ning love, Joy-ful - ly I'm trav'ling on to heav'n a - bove.

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No. 74. I'll be There.

ISAAC WATTS. Adapted.

1. { There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign; }
{ In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain. }
2. { There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with - 'ring flow'rs; }
{ Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours. }

I'll be There.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds, I'll be there,
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds, I'll be there.
I'll be there, I'll be there,

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

No. 75.

O Praise Him!

CHARLES WESLEY. J. J. LOWE.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! A heart that
2. A heart resigned, sub- mis- sive, meek, My great Re- deemer's throne; Where on- ly
3. O for a low- ly, con- trite heart, Be- liev- ing, true, and clean; Which neither
4. Thy na- ture, gra- cious Lord, im- part; Come quickly from a- bove; Write thy new

CHORUS.

al- ways feels thy blood So free- ly spilt for me!
Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns a- lone.
life nor death can part From him that dwells within.
name up- on my heart, Thy new, best name of love.

O praise him! O praise him!

Praise him and a- dore; For all his wondrous love to me, I'll praise him ev- er- more.

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No. 76. Remember Me.

T. M. Eastwood. Herbert J. Lacey.

1. Far, far have I wandered, Dear Sav - iour, from thee, I know I am
2. My soul, in its sor - row, Sal - va - tion would see; O show me thy
3. Dear Lord, thou art a - ble My Sav - iour to be, Speak peace to my
4. When out of my bod - y My soul is set free, Ac - cept it, dear

Chorus.

sin - ful, Re - mem - ber thou me.
glo - ry, Re - mem - ber thou me.
spir - it, Re - mem - ber thou me.
Je - sus, Re - mem - ber thou me.
} Re - mem - ber thou me, Re-

mem - ber thou me; Although I am sin - ful, Re - mem - ber thou me.

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No. 77. Come This Way.

David H. King, D. D. W. S. Weeden.

1. As I drift up - on life's bil - lows. Long- ing for the light of day;
2. And me- thinks I hear my moth - er, Call - ing from the oth - er shore,
3. Hark! I hear the voice of Je - sus, Waft - ed from a heav'nly land;
4. O the bliss, the joy of meet - ing Loved ones in that might - y throng;

I can al - most hear from heav - en. Loved ones sing - ing, "Come this way."
With a voice so sweet and ten - der, Far a - bove the bil - low's roar:
I can al - most see his glo - ry, And the beck'ning of his hand.
Join - ing with them in their sing - ing, Of the ev - er - last - ing song.

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Come This Way.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Come this way, come this way, Here is light, and joy, and peace;
Come this way, come this way,

Come this way, come this way, And your sor- rows all shall cease.
Come this way, come this way,

No. 78. Accept the Saviour Now.

REV. F. L. SNYDER. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Would you know your sins forgiv'n? Ac - cept the Saviour now; Would you know the joys of heav'n? Ac - cept the Saviour now.
2. Would you know the peace of God? Ac - cept the Saviour now; And be washed in Je - sus' blood? Ac - cept the Saviour now.
3. Would you rest your wea - ry soul? Ac - cept the Saviour now; And from all your sins be whole? Ac - cept the Saviour now.
4. Would you en - ter mercy's gate? Ac - cept the Saviour now; And be saved ere it's too late? Ac - cept the Saviour now.

CHORUS.

Ac - cept the Saviour now, Ac- cept the Saviour now; He'll save from sin, O turn to him, Accept the Saviour now.

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No. 79. On the Hilltops.

T. M. Eastwood. Arthur Wilton.

1. Let us walk on the hill-tops of bless - ing, Far a - way from the val - ley of care;
2. On the hill-tops the vis - ion is fair - est, And there in our outlook we see,
3. With the Lord we may walk in high plac - es, Where his presence for-ev - er shall guide;

Let us mount where the sunbeams are brightest, And the joy of the Lord fills the air.
The riv - ers of life flow be - fore us, In the midst of our Canaan to be.
Then let us not mourn in the val - leys, But at once rise in joy to his side.

Chorus.

Let us walk on the hills, The beau-ti - ful hills, Let us walk in the light of the Lord;

With our hearts full of joy, In his blessed employ, Let us walk on the hills of the Lord.

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No. 80. Showers of Blessing.

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."—Ezekiel 34: 26

Jennie Garnett. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Here in thy name we are gathered, Come and re-vive us, O Lord; "There shall be
2. O that the showers of bless- ing Now on our souls may de- scend, While at the
3. There shall be showers of bless- ing, Prom-ise that nev- er can fail; Thou wilt re-
4. Show-ers of blessing, we need them, Show- ers of blessing from thee; Show - ers of

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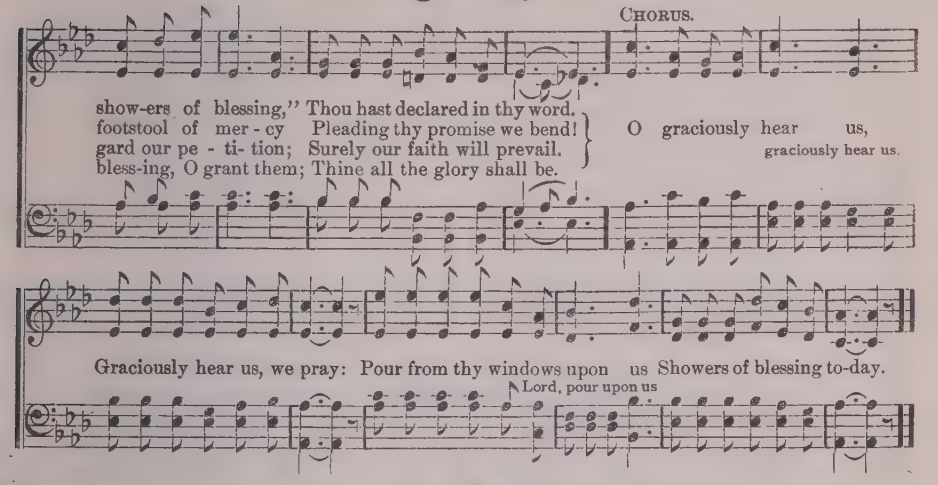
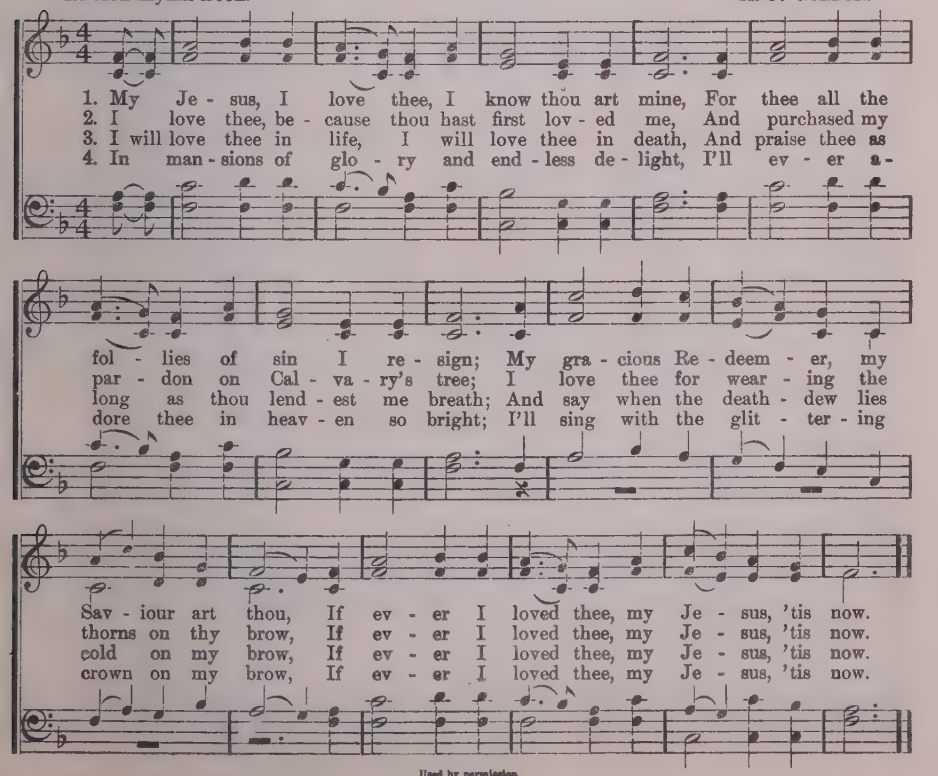
Showers of Blessing.—Concluded.



No. 81. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.



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No. 82. For Me.

T. M. Eastwood. Herbert J. Lacey.

1. From the throne of his glo - ry The Saviour came down, To seek a sin- ner like me,
2. On the earth when he wandered, Reject- ed of men, He sought a sin- ner like me;
3. When he cried in his anguish On Cal- va-ry's cross, Then he was seeking for me;

That I, like a jew- el, Might shine in his crown, Resplendent for- ev - er to be.
Far o- ver the mountains, And down thro' the fen, That bro't to his fold I might be.
He cried, "It is finished!" And bore pain and loss That I his sal - vation might see.

Chorus.

For me,..... for me,..... Seek - ing a sin - ner like me;.....
For me, for me.

The Saviour left all to save my poor soul, Seeking a sin - ner like me.

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No. 83. More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1 More about Je - sus would I know, More of his grace to oth - ers show; More of his
2. More about Je - sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern; Spir - it of
3. More about Je - sus; in his word, Holding commun- ion with my Lord; Hearing his
4. More about Je - sus; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own; More of his

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More About Jesus.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

sav - ing fullness see, More of his love who died for me.
God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say- ing mine.
kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.
} More, more about Je - sus,

More, more about Je - sus; More of his saving fullness see, More of his love who died for me.

No. 84. Crucified!

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. They nailed my Lord upon the tree And left him, dying, there: Thro' love he suf- fered
2. Up - on his head a crown of thorns, Upon his heart my shame; For me he prayed, for
3. "Forgive him, O forgive!" he cried, Then bowed his sacred head· "O Lamb of God! My
4. His voice I hear, his love I know; I worship at his feet· And kneeling there, at

CHORUS.

there for me; 'Twas love be- yond com - pare.
me he died, And, dy - ing, spoke my name.
sac - ri - fice!" For me thy blood was shed.
Calv'ry's cross, Re - demption is com - plete.
} Cru - ci - fied! Cru - ci - fied! And

rit.

nailed up-on the tree! With piercéd hands and feet and side! For you! For me!
For you! For me!

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No. 85. Jesus will Not Let Me Go.

"I give unto them eternal life and no man is able to pluck them out of my hand."
"I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him."

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. 'Mid the tri - als and temp- ta - tions, As I jour- ney here be - low, Comes that sweet and
2. I was lost in sin and darkness, Deep compas-sion did he show, For he saved me,
3. Sa-tan's snares are spread around me, They would fill my soul with woe, But I know in
4. Tho' the an-gry clouds may gath- er, And the storm- y winds may blow, "He is faith- ful

CHORUS.

blest as- surance, Je - sus will not let me go.
ful - ly saved me, And he will not let me go.
whom I'm trusting, And he will not let me go.
that hath promised, And he will not let me go.

I am trusting, I am trusting, "He is a- ble," this I know; He is a - ble, I am trusting, And he will not let me go.

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No. 86. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your burden of sin? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
4. Would you do serv- ice for Jesus your King? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;

Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's wonder- ful pow'r in the blood.
Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va- ry's tide, There's wonder- ful pow'r in the blood.
Sin stains are lost in its life - giv-ing flow, There's wonder- ful pow'r in the blood.
Would you live dai - ly his prais - es to sing? There's wonder- ful pow'r in the blood.

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There is Power in the Blood.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb;
There is pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb;

There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

No. 87. Onward Let Us Go.

G. D. R. GEORGE DOUGLAS REPP.

1. Trav'lers to a bet - ter land, On we go, on we go; There we'll join the
2. Tri - als there shall be no more, On we go, on we go; Per - fect rest for -
3. Earthly joys shall pass a - way, On we go, on we go; Earth - ly treasures
4. Dearest friends have gone be - fore, On we go, on we go; Oth - ers, now are

blood-wash'd band, Onward let us go; Here we have not long to stay,
ev - er - more, Onward let us go; Here we oft - en meet de - feat,
shall de - cay, Onward let us go; Hearts that here were some - times sad,
pass - ing o'er, Onward let us go; When at last we cross death's sea,

On we go, on we go, Je - sus Christ has led the way, Onward let us go.
On we go, on we go, There we'll sit at Je - sus feet, Onward let us go.
On we go, on we go, Shall be there for - ev - er glad, Onward let us go.
On we go, on we go, Glo - ri - fied we then shall be, Onward let us go.

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No. 88. Live to Be a Blessing.

E. E. Hewitt. Herbert J. Lacey.

1. Live to be a bless - ing in this world of ours; Like the gold - en
2. Keep - ing close to Je - sus, let his peace a - bide, Let your life flow
3. Live to be a bless - ing, where - so - ev - er sent, In the Mas - ter's

sun-shine, like the sil - ver show'rs, Wak - en seeds of gladness in the drear - y hours:
on - ward, in a broad'ning tide, Fed from fountains ris - ing from his riv - en side;
serv - ice let your days be spent; Hum-bly strive to fol - low as his footsteps went;

Chorus.

Live to be a bless - ing. More and more, More and more, Let his praise abound.

Scat- ter joy around; More and more, More and more, Live to be a bless - ing.

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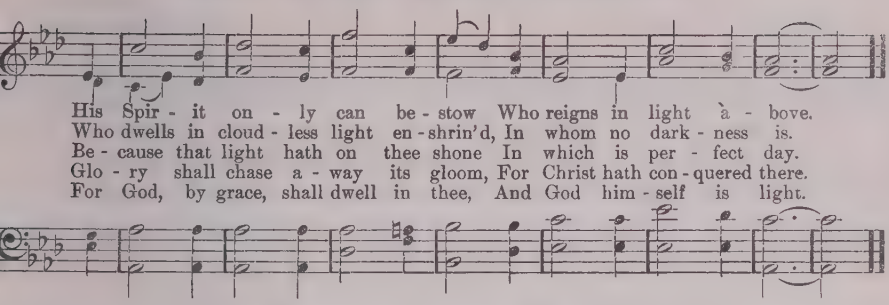
No. 89. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. From F. J. Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! So shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! And thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly his,
3. Walk in the light! And thou shalt own Thy dark - ness pass'd a - way,
4. Walk in the light! And e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear;
5. Walk in the light! Thy path shall be Peace- ful, se - rene, and bright.

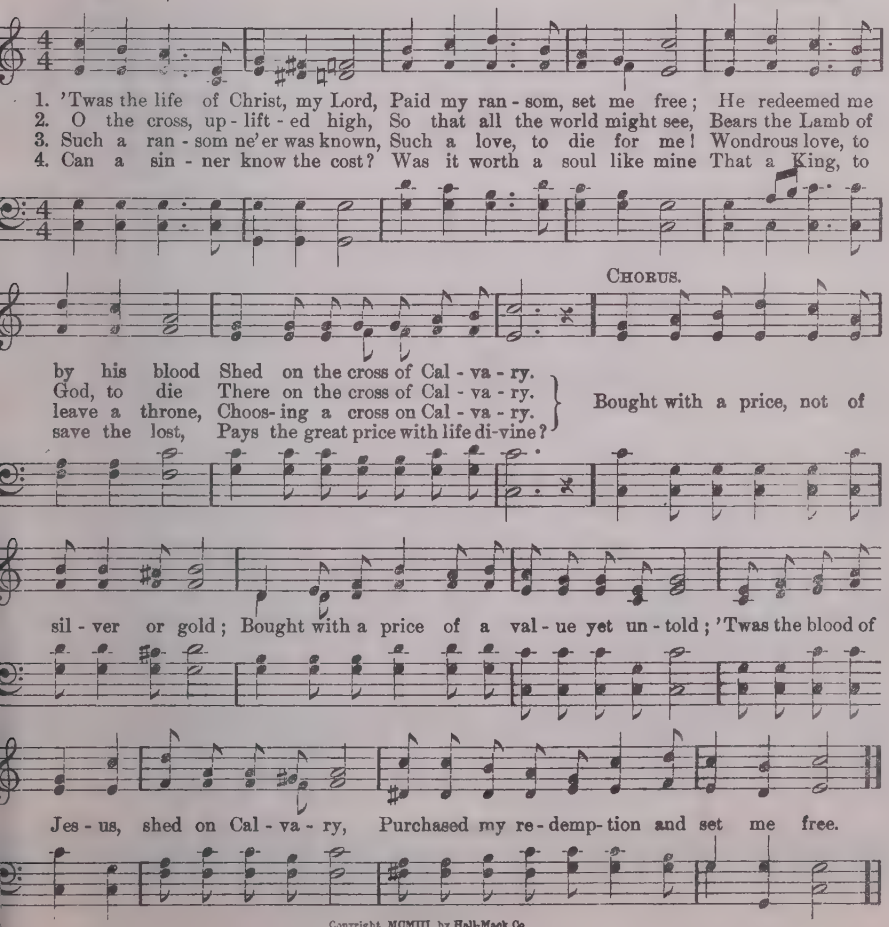
Walk in the Light.—Concluded.



His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove.
Who dwells in cloud - less light en - shrin'd, In whom no dark - ness is.
Be - cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.
Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath con - quered there.
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God him - self is light.

No. 90. Bought with a Price.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.



1. 'Twas the life of Christ, my Lord, Paid my ran - som, set me free; He redeemed me
2. O the cross, up - lift - ed high, So that all the world might see, Bears the Lamb of
3. Such a ran - som ne'er was known, Such a love, to die for me! Wondrous love, to
4. Can a sin - ner know the cost? Was it worth a soul like mine That a King, to

Chorus.

by his blood Shed on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
God, to die There on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
leave a throne, Choos- ing a cross on Cal - va - ry.
save the lost, Pays the great price with life di-vine?
} Bought with a price, not of

sil - ver or gold; Bought with a price of a val - ue yet un - told; 'Twas the blood of

Jes - us, shed on Cal - va - ry, Purchased my re - demp - tion and set me free.

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No. 91.

I Know He's Mine.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a - bove all earth - ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love trans-cends,
2. He's mine be - cause he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
3. He's mine be - cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,

It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord, be - cause I know he's mine.
With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
Then, while his arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

CHORUS.

I know he's mine,..... this friend so dear,..... He lives with
I know he's mine, this friend so dear,

me,..... he's ev - er near;..... Ten thousand charms.....
He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms

a - round him shine,..... And, best of all, I know he's mine.
a - round him shine,

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No. 92.

When I Get Home.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. I shall wear a golden crown, When I get home; I shall lay my burdens down, When I get home;
2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the light at last, When I get home;
3. I shall see my Saviour's face, When I get home; Sing again of saving grace, When I get home;

Clad in robes of glo - ry, I shall sing the story Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
Light from heaven streaming, O'er my pathway beaming, Ever guides me onward Till I get home.
I shall stand before him; Gladly I'll adore him; Ever to be with him, When I get home.

Chorus.

When I get home, When I get home, All
When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home,

sor - row will be o - ver, When I get home; When I get home, When
When I get home, when I get home, When

I get home, All sorrow will be o - ver, When I get home.
I get home, when I get home

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No. 93

J. B. M.

He's the One.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un - derstands our hearts, When the
2. Is there an - y - one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we
3. Is there an - y - one can help us, who can give a sin - ner peace, When his
4. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the end is drawing near, Who will

thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym - pa-thiz- es with us, who in
faint and fall beneath it in a - larm; Who in ten - derness will lift us, and the
heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that af-
go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way before us, and dis-

won- drous love imparts Just the ver - y, ver - y blessing that we need?
heav - y bur - den share, And sup - port us with an ev - er - last - ing arm?
fords a sweet re- lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its safe - ly o'er the tide?

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, he's the One; When af-

Yes, there's One, on - ly One,

flictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the One.

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No. 94.

For You and for Me.

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

Very slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing— Call - ing for you and for me; See, on the por - tals he's wait - ing and watch - ing—
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing— Pleading for you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mer - cies—
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing— Pass - ing from you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing—
4. O for the won - der - ful love he has promised— Promised for you and for me; Though we have sinned, he has mer - cy and par - don—

REFRAIN.

m

Watch - ing for you and for me. Come home,..... come home,.....
Mer - cies for you and for me?
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.

Come home, come home,

cres. *rit.* *p* *pp*

Ye who are wea - ry, come home;..... Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly

rit. *pp*

Je - sus is call - ing— Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

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No. 95. When in Thy Courts I Stand.

EFFIE S. BLACK. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. Both weak and blind, dear Lord, I am, For now thy face I can- not see,
2. But I can feel thy gen - tle touch, And I can read thy bless- ed word,
3. Till then, dear Lord, but lead me on, And guide me in the bet - ter way,
4. And when at last my journey's o'er, Earth's heav-y bur - dens are laid down,

But I can hear thy gen - tle voice Speak words of love to me.
And with thy might - y, throb-bing love My lone - ly heart is stirred.
Lest grop - ing in the dark- ness here My feet should go a - stray.
When tears are changed to pearls of joy, My cross to jew - eled crown.

CHORUS.

O some day I shall see, And some day clasp thy hand,
O some day, some day I shall see, I shall see, And some day, some day clasp thy hand, clasp thy hand,

Yes, some day see thy face, When in thy courts I stand.
Yes, some day, some day see thy face, see thy face,

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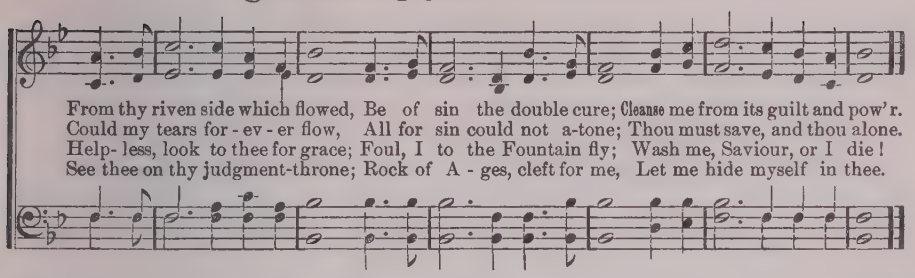
No. 96. Rock of Ages.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. (TOPLADY.) THOMAS HASTINGS.

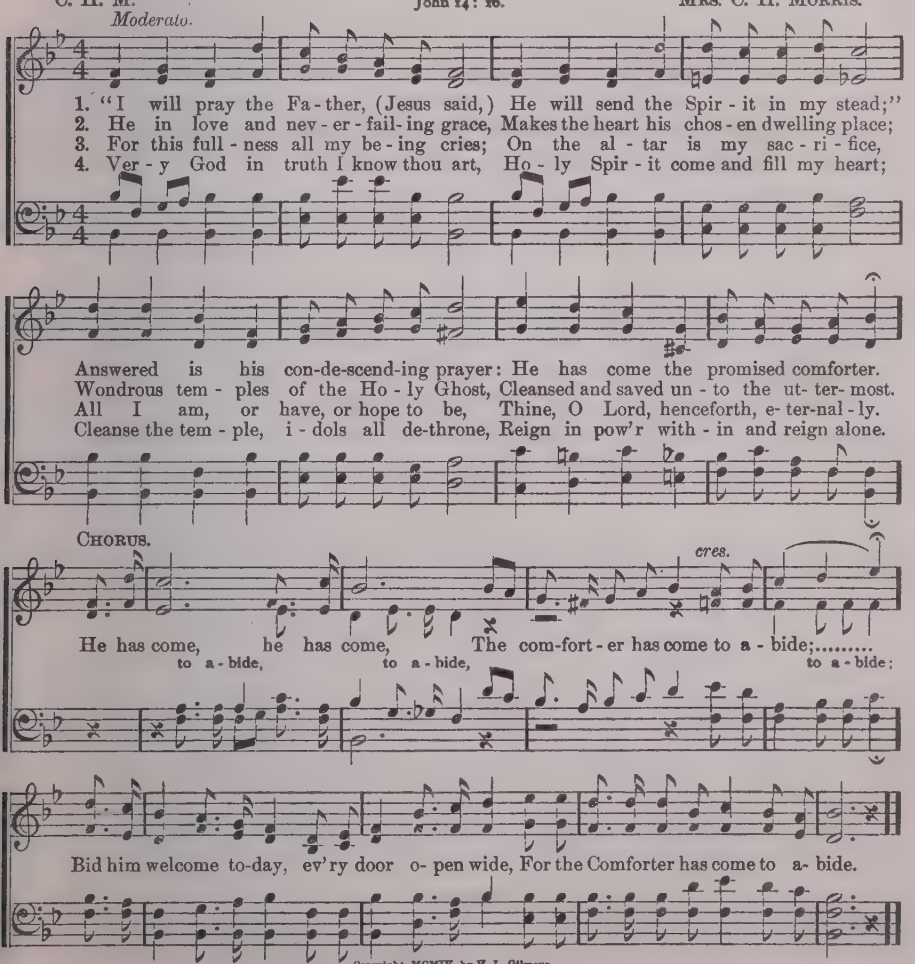
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa- ter and the blood,
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can fulfill thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know,
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring; Simply to thy cross I cling; Naked, come to thee for dress,
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown,

Rock of Ages.—Concluded.



No. 97. He Has Come to Abide.

C. H. M. John 14: 16. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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No. 98. Count Thy Blessings.

IDA L. REED. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, When thou'rt tempted to com - plain
2. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, Nev - er doubt thy Father's love;
3. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, All the mercies rich and free
4. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, Think not of the grief and pain;

Of life's tri - als and its sor - row, Of its ev - er pres - ent pain.
Tho' life's storms thy way o'er - shad - ow, Still he keeps his watch a - bove.
That doth fill thy days with glad - ness; O how much God gives to thee.
Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, And thou canst not then complain.

1. present pain.

CHORUS.

Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, All thy griefs will light - er grow;

All thy cares they will out - num - ber, And thy skies with light shall glow.

shall glow.

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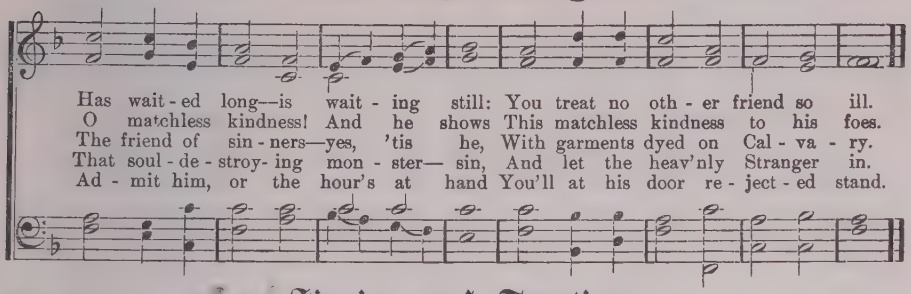
No. 99. Behold, A Stranger's At the Door.

JOSEPH. (FEDERAL STREET.) HENRY K. OLIVER.

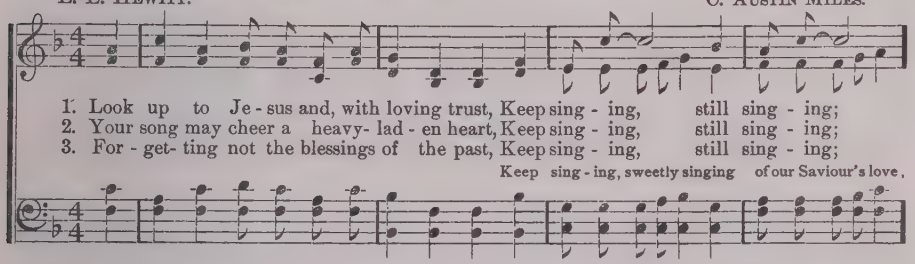
1. Be - hold, a Stranger's at the door! He gent- ly knocks—has knocked be - fore;
2. O love - ly at - ti - tude, he stands With melting heart and lad - ed hands!
3. But will he prove a friend in - deed? He will—the ver - y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with grat-i - tude di - vine, Turn out his en - e - my and thine,
5. Ad - mit him, ere his an - ger burn—His feet de - part - ed, ne'er re - turn:

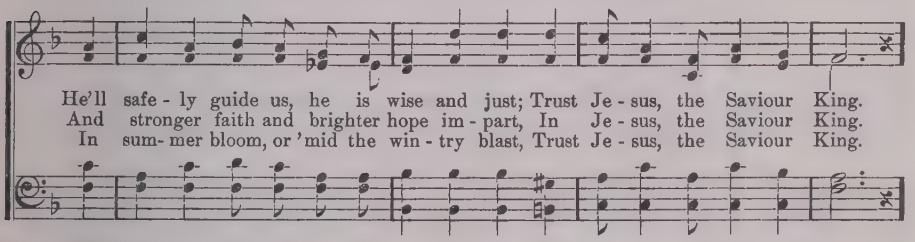
Behold, A Stranger's At the Door.—Concluded.



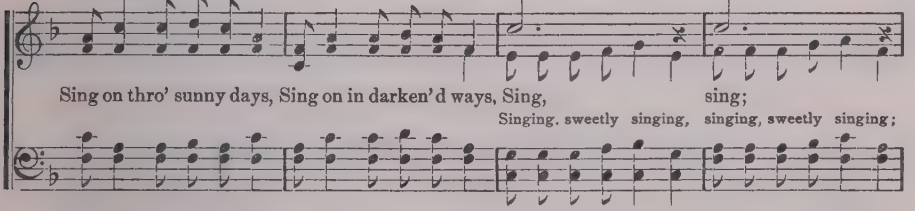
No. 100. Singing and Trusting.

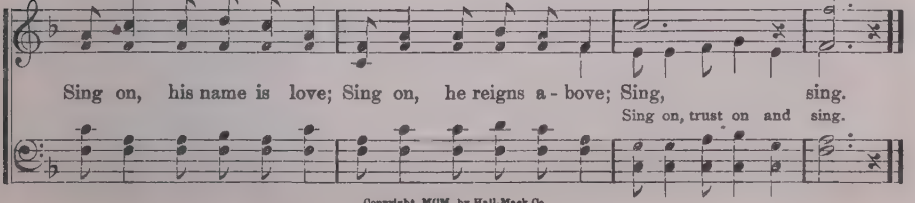
E. E. Hewitt. C. Austin Miles.





Chorus.





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No. 101. Far Behind.

REV. F. L. SNYDER. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I've turned my back up - on the world, With all its emp - ty pleasures,
2. I left my for - mer life of sin, Its fol - lies all for - sak - en;
3. I nev - er will turn back a - gain To world - li - ness; no, nev - er!
4. So on I'll press, in Je - sus' name, To gain a home in heav - en;

And set my heart on bet - ter things, On high - er, ho - lier treasures.
I stand com- plete in Je - sus Christ, His ho - ly vows have tak - en.
I've found a bet - ter way than that, It's Je - sus now and ev - er!
And then I'll sing for - ev - er - more, I've left the world for - ev - er!

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! I've left the world be - hind me!
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

I've crossed the sep - a - ra - ting line, And left the world be - hind me!

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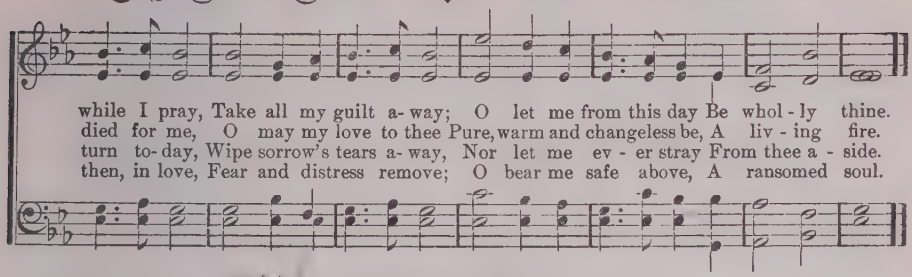
No. 102. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET.) DR. LOWELL MASON.

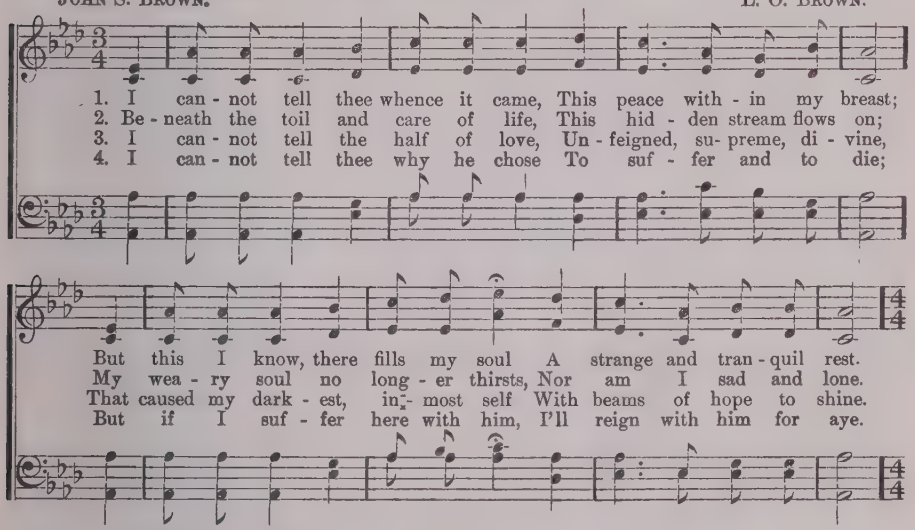
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Saviour di - vine! Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in- spire; As thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.—Concluded.

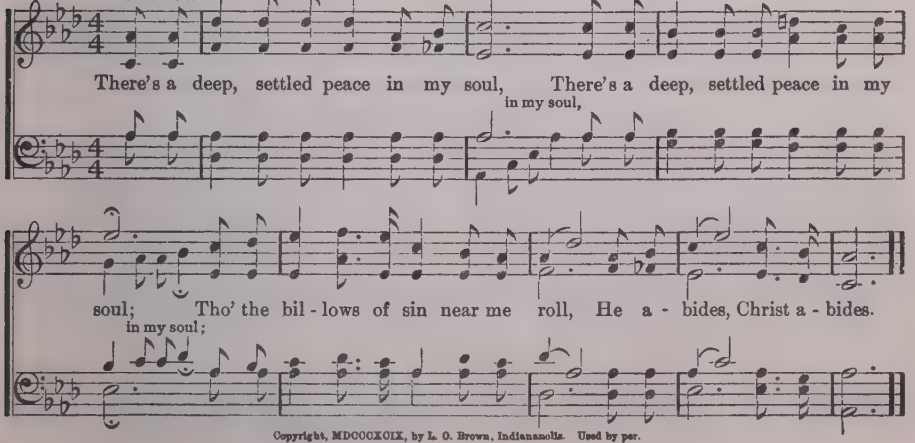


No. 103. Hidden Peace.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.



CHORUS.



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No. 104. A Little While.

MINNIE A. GREINER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET.—SOP. AND ALTO OR TENOR.

1. A lit - tle while the cross to bear, E - ter - nal - ly the crown to wear;
2. A lit - tle while to suf - fer pain, Sweet peace for- ev - er- more to gain;
3. Sad tears a lit - tle while shall flow, E - ter - ni - ty no grief shall know;

A lit - tle while to strive with sin, E - ter - nal vic - to - ry to win.
A lit - tle while earth's toils to bear, E - ter - nal - ly heav'n's rest to share.
In des- erts drear a lit - tle while, For - ev - er where green pastures smile.

CHORUS.

A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, And we shall lay our cross- es down;
lit - tle while, lit - tle while,

A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, And we shall wear the victor's crown.
lit - tle while, lit - tle while, shall wear,

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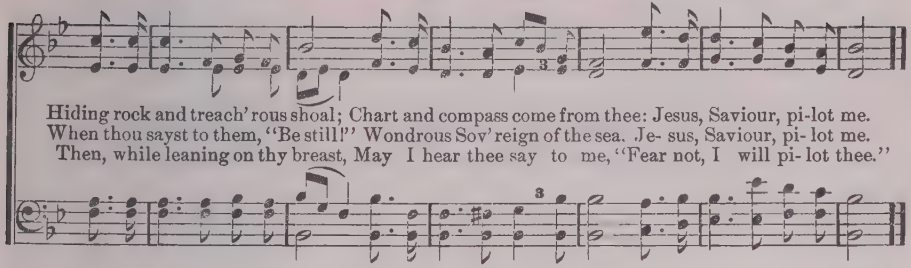
No. 105. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

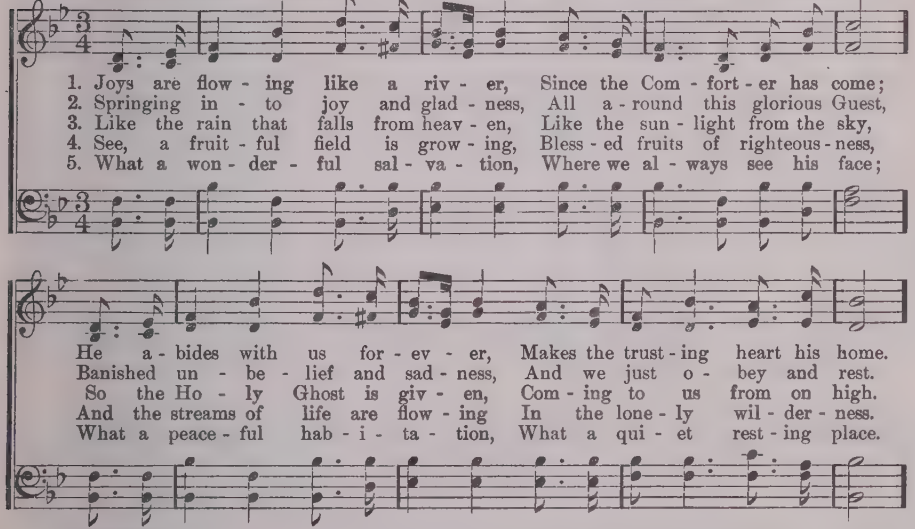
1. Je- sus, Saviour, pi - lot me Over life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll,
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild, Boist'rous waves obey thy will,
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar 'Twixt me and peaceful rest,

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me—Concluded.

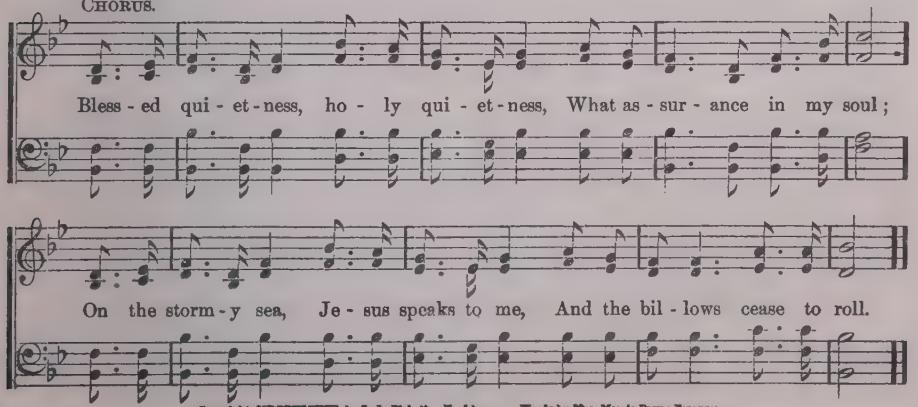


No. 106. Blessed Quietness.

MRS. MAMIE PAYNE FERGUSON. Arr. by J. H. FILLMORE.



CHORUS.



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No. 107. Does Jesus Care?

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp- ta - tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear- est on earth to me,

As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows wea- ry and long?
As the daylight fades In- to deep night shades, Does he care enough to be near?
When for my deep grief There is no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it near- ly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?

CHORUS.

O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief:.....

ad lib. *rit.*

When the days are wea - ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares....
he cares.

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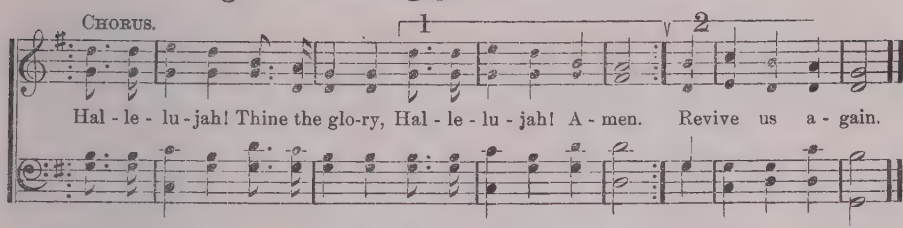
No. 108. Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

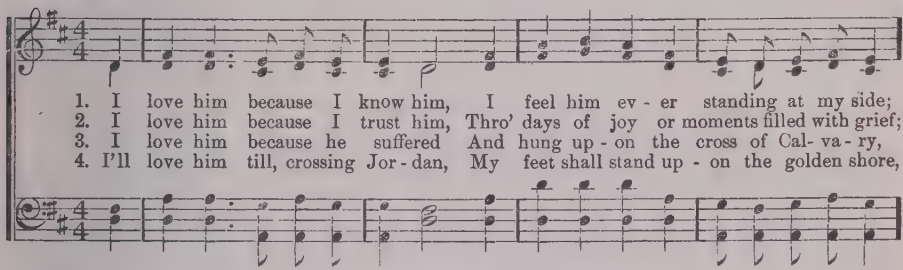
1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died and is now gone above.
2. We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
5. Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

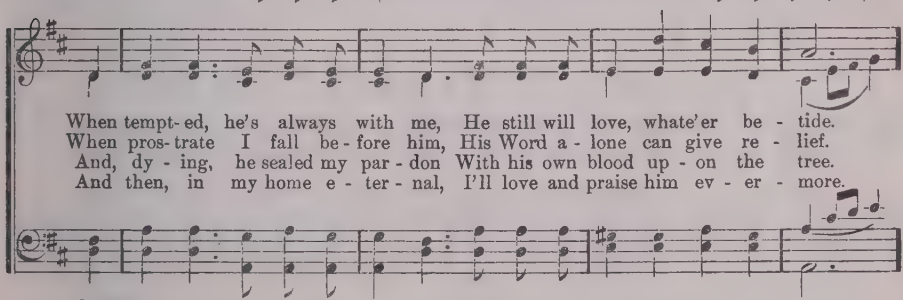
Revive Us Again.—Concluded.

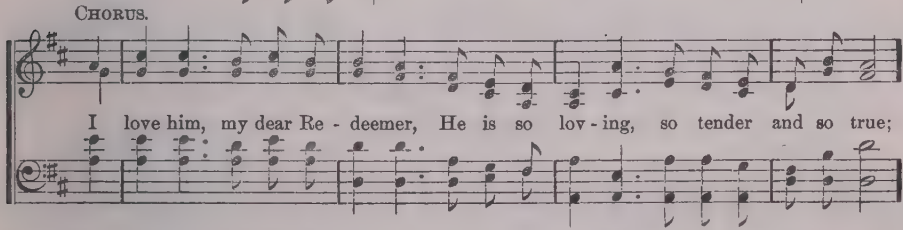


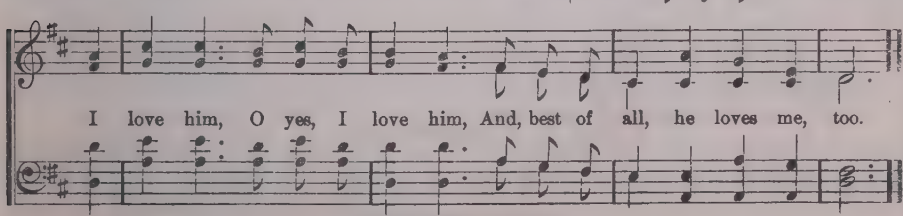
No. 109. I Love Him.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.









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No. 110. I Left Them at the Cross.

J. W. VanDeVenter. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. I am free from con-dem-na-tion, Ful-ly saved and sat-is-fied;
2. I was weak and heav-y la-den With a load I could not bear,
3. I was poor, de-spised, for-sak-en, Ma-ny years I went a-stray,
4. Now my life is full of sun-shine, It is heav-en here be-low;

All my sins have been re-mit-ted By the Sav-iour cru-ci-fied.
But I fled to Cal-v'ry's moun-tain All my sins were can-celed there.
But at last I found the Sav-iour, He has washed my sins a-way.
Ev-'ry sin has been for-giv-en, They are un-der-neath the flow.

Chorus.

For I left..... them at the cross, At the cross..... of Cal-va-
for I left at the cross, at the cross

ry; Underneath the blood, the precious blood That was shed to make me free.
Cal-va-ry;

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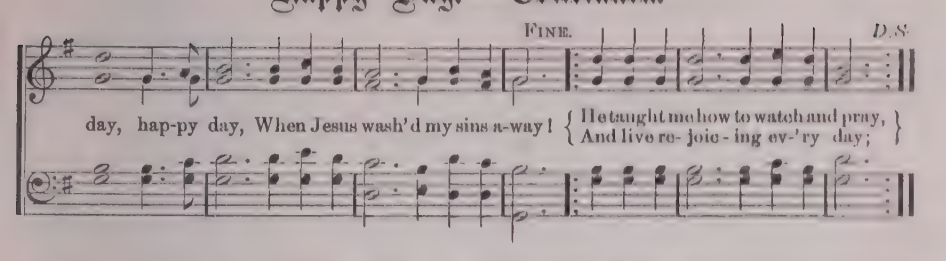
No. 111. Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

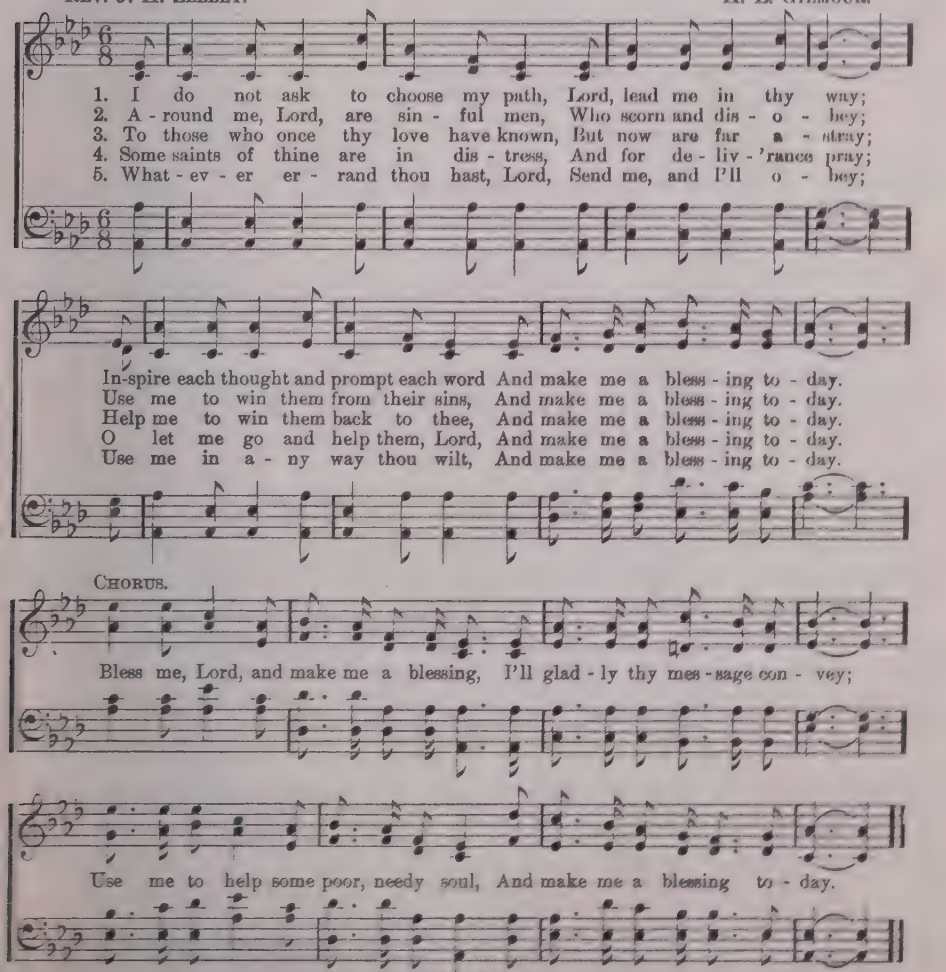
1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-iour and my God! Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }
2. { O hap-py bond that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love! Let cheerful an-thems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py
3. { 'Tis done: the great transaction's done! I am the Lord's and he is mine; He drew me and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine. }

Happy Day.—Concluded.



No. 112. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

REV. J. H. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.



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No. 113. I Know That I Have Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tho' loved ones van- ish from my side, And grief and pain with me a- bide, I
2. Tho' heav - y be my load of care, And tri - als meet me ev - 'rywhere, With
3. When Sa- tan's ar - rows round me fly, And sin, a tor - rent, rush - es by, A
4. And when the an - gel shall ap-pear, To call me thro' the val - ley drear, I

CHORUS.

still am ful - ly sat - is-fied— I know that I have Je - sus.
pa- tience I my cross will bear,—I know that I have Je - sus.
nev- er - fail-ing friend is nigh,—I know that I have Je - sus.
shall not dread, nor doubt, nor fear,—I know that I have Je - sus.
} Je - sus, Je - sus,

Gen- tle, loving Je- sus! For life end for e - ter - ni- ty, I know that I have Je- sus.

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No. 114. Where Jesus is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. J. BUTLER. J. M. BLACK.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav - en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus showed his smil - ing face;
3. What mat - ters where on earth we dwell? On moun- tain top, or in the dell?

And 'mid earth's sor- rows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll.
In cot - tage, or a man- sion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

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Where Jesus is, 'Tis Heaven.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for - giv'n;

On land or sea, what matters where? Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

No. 115. The Inner Circle.

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have chosen you?" Does he tell you in com-
2. As the first dis - ci - ples followed, As they went where'er he sent; So to - day we, too, may
3. Or, if he shall choose to send us On some er - rand in his name, We can serve him as dis -
4. Master, at thy foot-stool kneeling, We, thy children, humbly wait; Lead us, send us, bless us,

CHORUS.

mun - ion What he wish - es you to do?
fol - low, On his lead - ing still in - tent.
ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.

Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you

Are you in the in - ner cir - cle?

rit.

heard the Master's call? Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is he now your All in all?

Have you heard the Master's call? Have you giv'n your

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No. 116. Meet Me There.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. There's a land of bliss e - ter - nal Where the saints their Lord be - hold;
2. There the God of our sal - va - tion Dwells e - ter - nal on his throne;
3. Here we part per - haps for - ev - er, There we'll meet to part no more;
4. Will you meet me in that cit - y When the trials of life are o'er,

Half the glo - ries of that cit - y Nev - er can be told.
There the Lord who has re - deemed us, Waits to greet his own.
Bonds of love can ne'er be brok - en On that gold - en shore.
And with those who went be - fore us, Dwell for - ev - er - more?

Chorus.

Meet me there, meet me there, In the cit - y of heav - en;
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there to greet you;

Meet me there, meet me there, I will watch and wait for you.
I'll be there, I'll be there, for you.

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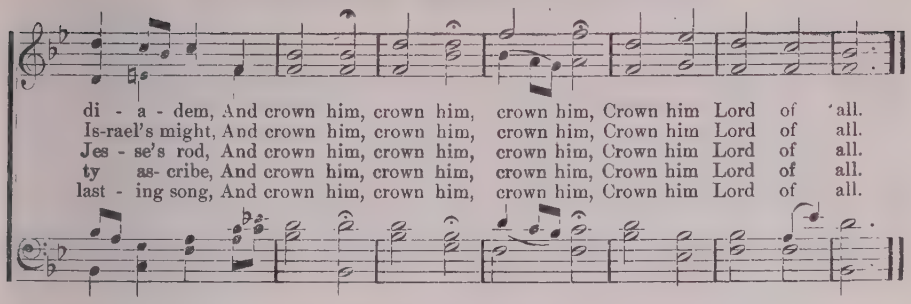
No. 117. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. (Miles Lane.) William Shrubsole.

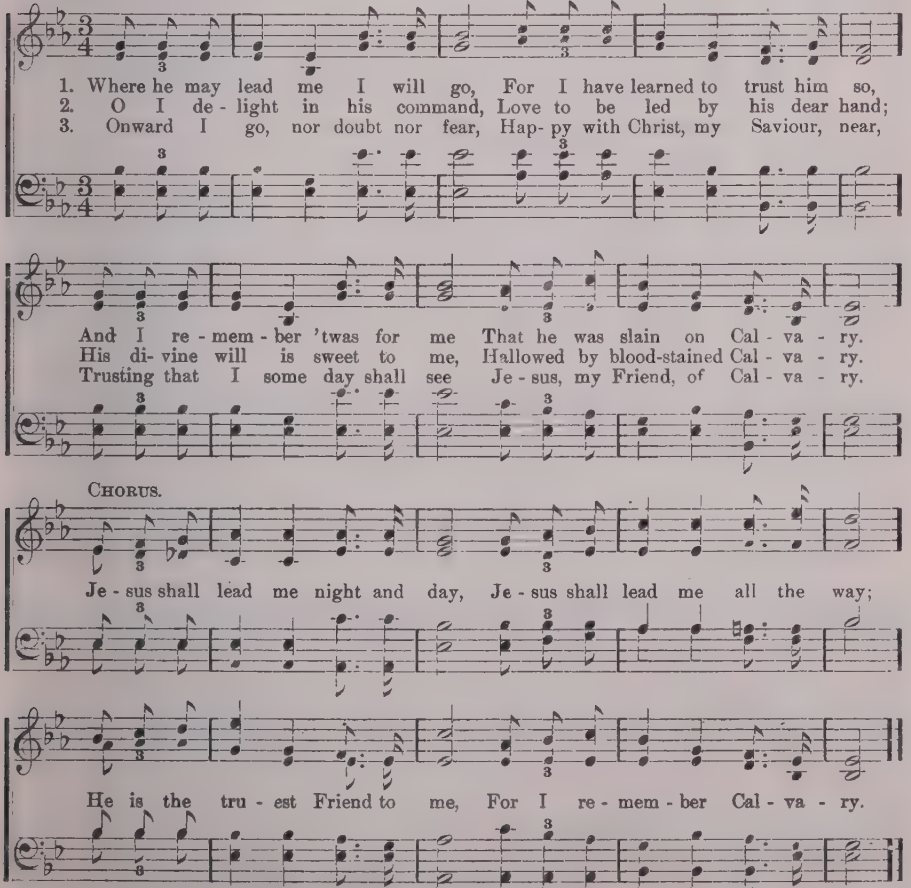
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy - al
2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this floating ball; Now hail the strength of
3. Crown him, ye martyrs of your God, Who from his al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of
4. Let ev- 'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter- res- trial ball, To him all maj - es-
5. O that with yonder sacred throng We at his feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er-

All Hail the Power.—Concluded.



No. 118. I Remember Calvary.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. J. M. BLACK.



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No. 119. Jesus Will Save.

REV. ROBT. POGUE. JAS. BAKER.

1. Come, come, poor guilt- y one, Je - sus will save; Come, God has giv'n his Son,
2. Life's day is fad - ing fast, Je - sus will save; Mer - cy is glid - ing past,
3. Come out of sin's dark night, Je - sus will save; Come to his wondrous light,
4. Now, sin - ner, why de - lay? Je - sus will save; Come, and no long - er stay,

Je - sus will save. Here is his righteousness, Par - don and hap - pi- ness;
Je - sus will save. Soon will these scenes of day Pass from your view a - way
Je - sus will save. Naught in this world be - low Can save from death and woe;
Je - sus will save. Why will you spurn his grace, Turn from his lov - ing face?

Fear not thy sinfulness, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save.
Where is no light of day; Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save.
Je- sus will smite the foe, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save.
His is the resting place, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save.

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No. 120. I Surrender All.

J. W. VANDEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

SOLO.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur- ren - der, All to him I free - ly give;
   I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres - ence dai - ly live. }
2. { All to Je - sus I sur- ren - der, Hum - bly at his feet I bow;
   World - ly pleas - ure all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
3. { All to Je - sus I sur- ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol - ly thine;
   Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

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I Surrender All.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;

All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

No. 121.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed his pre - cious blood, Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And he will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in his Word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

{* On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you, He will..... } save you now.

* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used instead of "Only trust him."

No. 122. Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V. J. W. VanDeVenter.

1. Sometime we'll stand be - fore the judgment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
2. I'll then re - ceive a bright and star - ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet to nev - er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;

The Lord will then make known the rec - ord there; Our names will all be read.
And when I've been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
We'll lay our bur- dens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for - ev - er - more.

Chorus.

I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood;
I will an - swer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je - sus' blood.

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No. 123. He is Calling.

Faber. Arr. by S. J. Vail.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy Like the wideness of the sea;
   There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than ..... } lib - er - ty.
2. { There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good;
   There is mer - cy with the Saviour; There is healing..... } in his blood.

He is Calling.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

He is call- ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad - ly haste to thee.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.

No. 124. I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can- not stay From the arms of love a - way; O for strength of
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-night I'll
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev - er heal my woe; I will rise at
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Je-sus' blood will
5. I o - bey the Saviour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his feet, where

CHORUS.

faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me.
once and go, Je - sus died for me.
make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.
} Can it be, O can it be

rit.

There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je - sus died for me.

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No. 125.

O Be Ready.

J. G. B.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, Will your lamps be burning bright, Will your robes be pure and white, When the
2. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, O be read - y for that day, With your sins all washed a - way, When the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, Will your wearied heart re - joice At the sound of Je - sus' voice, When the
4. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, Will the sor - rows of the past All be changed to joy at last, When the

by and by.

by and by,

CHORUS.

Bridegroom cometh by and by? O be ready, O be ready, Ready when the Bridegroom comes; O be ready, O be ready, Ready when the Bridegroom comes.

Are you ready?

5 ‖: When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, :‖
When the Lord shall call his own,
Can you stand before the throne,
When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

6 ‖: When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, :‖
Will you join the ransomed host,
Or be found among the lost,
When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

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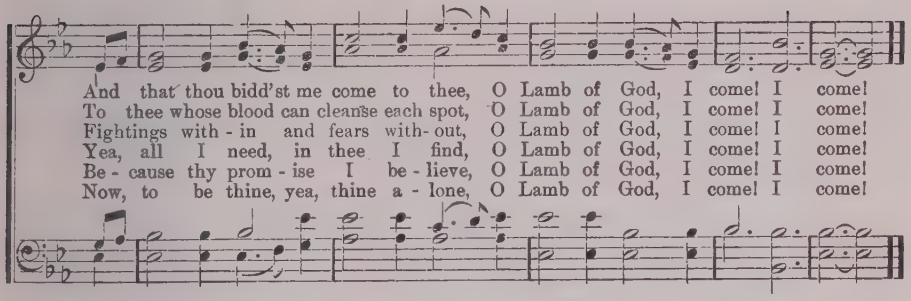
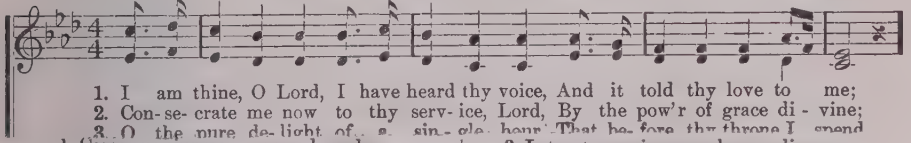
Just as I Am.—Concluded.



No. 130. I am Thine, O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. 10: 22. W. H. DOANE.



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

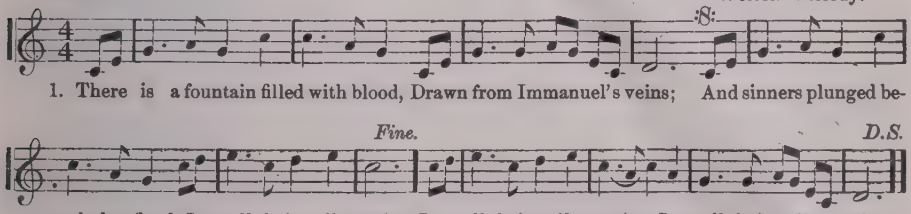
2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

No. 127. Cleansing Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 125. O Be Ready.

J. G. B. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, Will your lamps be burning bright, Will your robes be pure and white, When the
2. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, O be read - y for that day, With your sins all washed a - way, When the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, Will your wearied heart re - joice At the sound of Je - sus' voice, When the
4. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, *D.S.*—O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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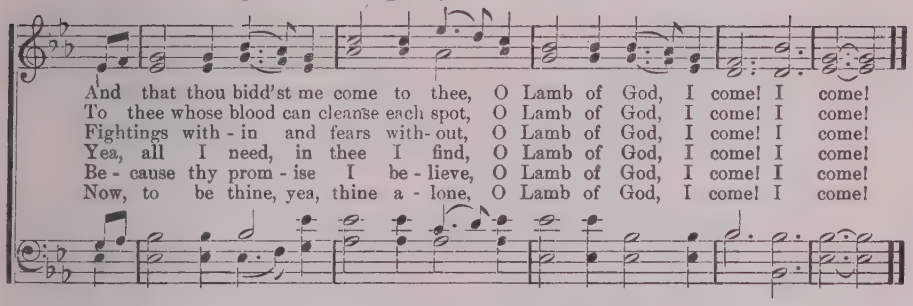
No. 129. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich - es heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve;
6. Just as I am—thy love unknown Hath bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

Just as I Am.—Concluded.



No. 130. I am Thine, O Lord.

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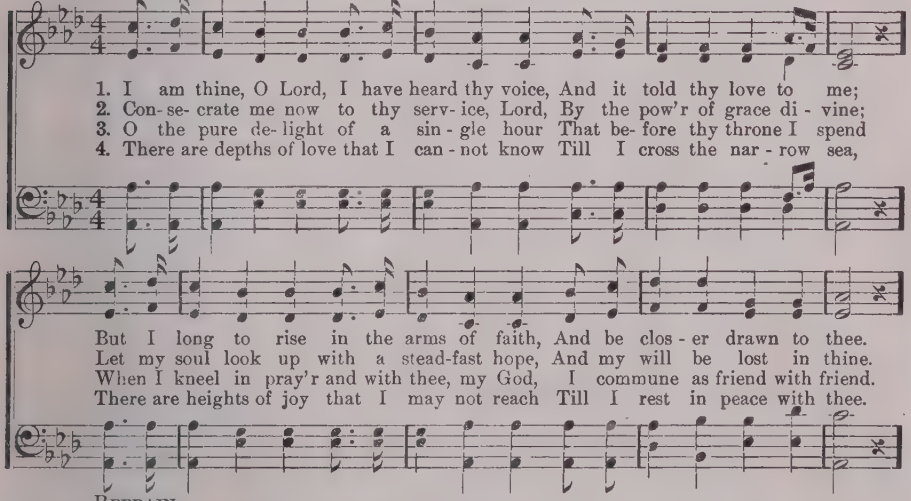

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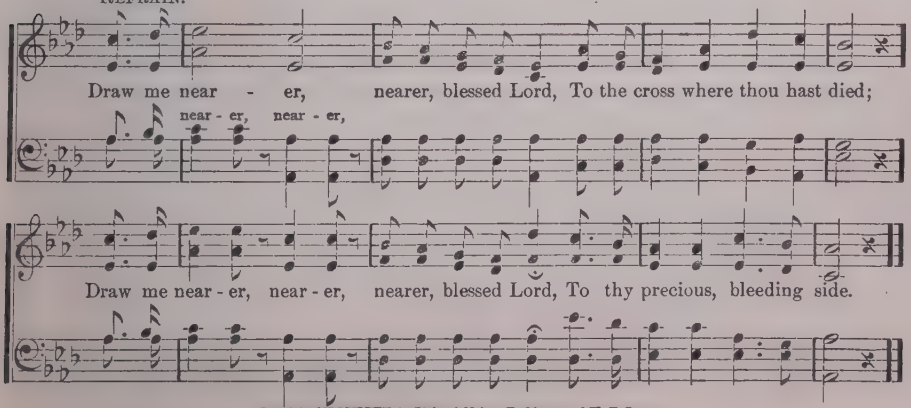

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No. 131. O Don't Stay Away.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. REV. W. J. STUART, A. M.

With expression.

1. Come soul and find thy rest, No long - er be distress'd; Come to thy Saviour's breast,
2. Dark is the world and cold, Her cares cannot be told; Come to thy Saviour's fold,
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now he will take thee in,
4. Time here will soon be past, Moments are fly - ing fast; Judgment will come at last,
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come and no long - er roam; Come now and start for home,

CHORUS.

O don't stay a - way. Pray'rs are as - cend- ing now, An - gels are bending

rit.

low; Both worlds are blending now, O don't stay a - way.

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No. 132. Consecration.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A con - se - crated
2. O Je - sus, mighty Saviour, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal-
3. O let the fire, de - scending Just now up - on my soul, Consume my humble
4. I'm thine, O blessed Je - sus, Washed by thy precious blood, Now seal me by thy

CHORUS.

off'ring, Thine ev - er- more to be.
va - tion, Thy prom- ise now I claim.
off'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.

My all is on the al - tar, I'm

From "Notes of Joy." Used by permission.

Consecration.—Concluded.

rit.

waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

No. 133. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice can not still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven un-true, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;

If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If there's a void this world nev-er can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Find what a friend he will be un-to you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If you would en-ter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.

CHORUS.

Just now your doubtings give o'er; Just now re-ject him no more;
Just now my doubtings are o'er; Just now re-ject-ing no more;

Just now throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Just now I o-pen the door, And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.

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